Saturday Review of Lit

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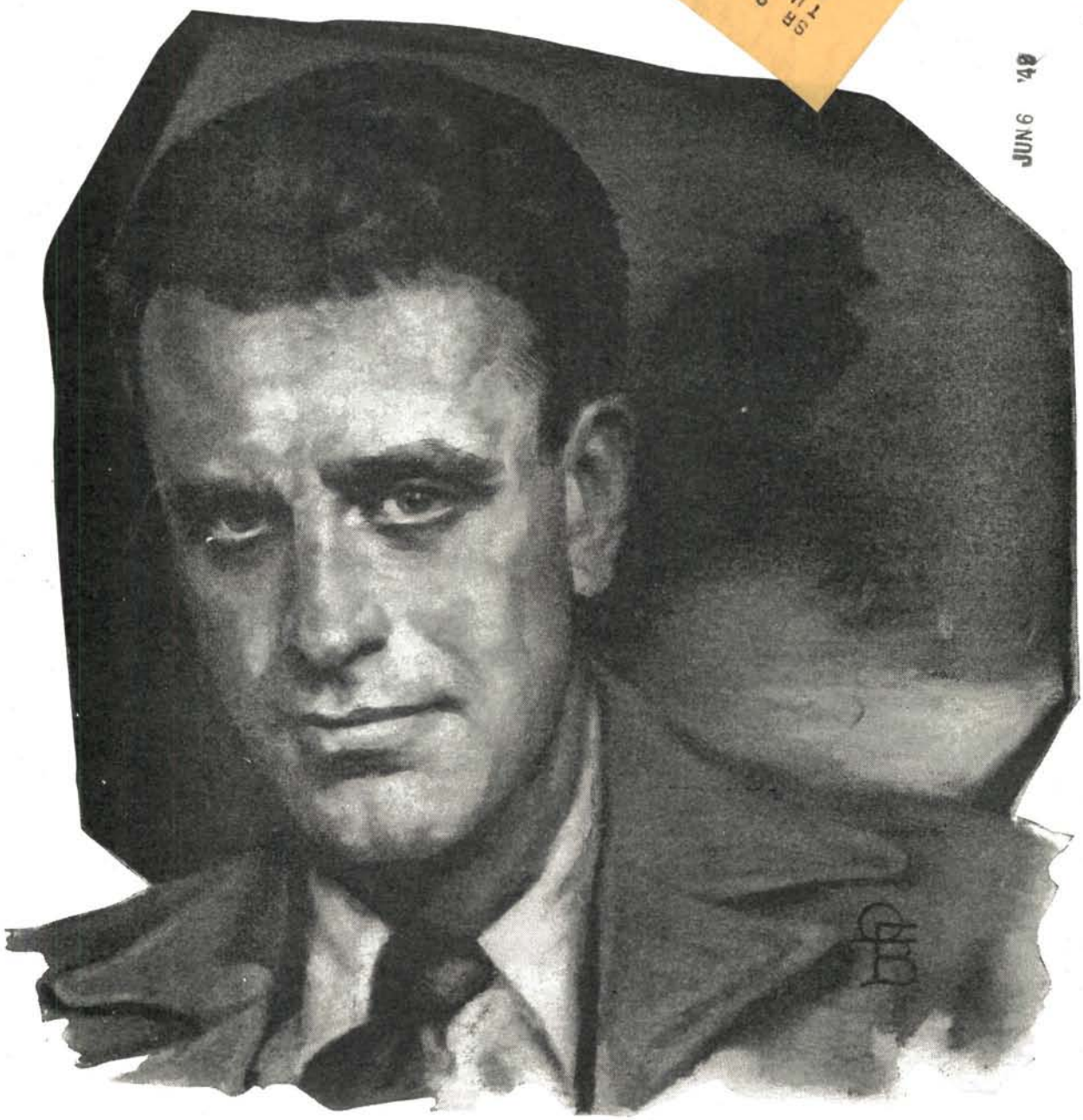

Walter Van Tilburg Clark, author of "The Track of the Cat." (See page 9)

It's the English in Us

By GERALD W. JOHNSON

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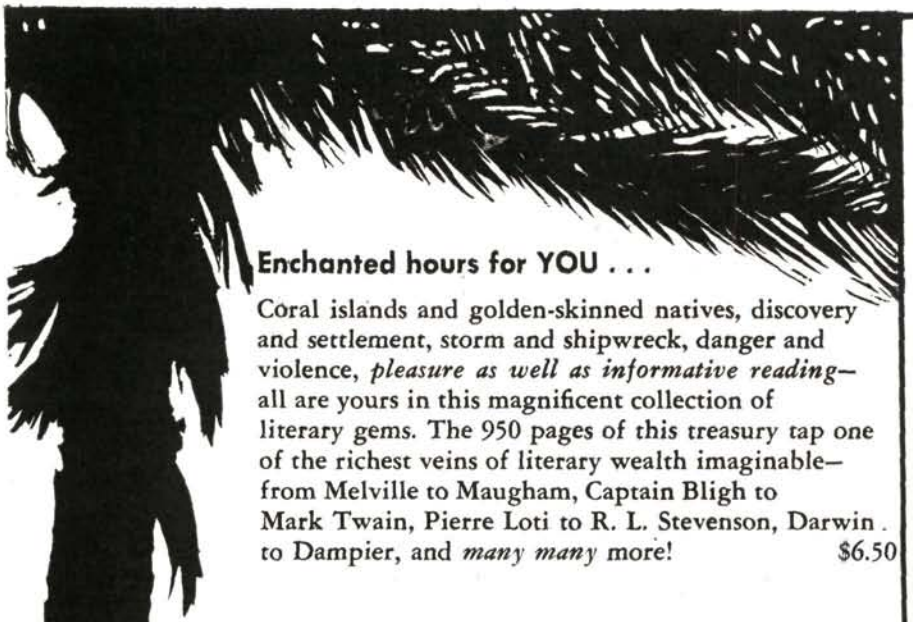

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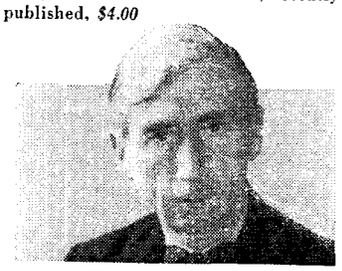

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TRADE Winds

A SINGLE PARAGRAPH in this column, damning the service on the Pennsylvania Railroad's St. Louis-Columbus division in particular, and the management of the entire line in general, has brought a bundle of mail from all over the country. Nobody had a kind word for the once-exemplary Penn system. Most correspondents, in fact, were a great deal harsher than I had been.

The paragraph, furthermore, prompted visits from John F. Finnegan, general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania, an affable and persuasive gentleman whose cards, unfortunately, were stacked against him; an alert representative from the B&O, with charts to show how victims of Penn shortcomings could frequently find relief by switching to parallel B&O branches; and a bundle of documents from Robert R. Young, describing in graphic terms the plight of all railroads today.

FIRST I WANT TO REPRINT excerpts from letters by disgruntled users of the Penn road's facilities:

> If you think some of the longer runs on the Pennsylvania are bad, what about the poor wretches condemned to daily tortures on the suburban runs? The equipment is ancient and filthy. . . . The personnel department obviously makes every conductor pass an advanced course in boorishness before being issued a uniform. . . . Our station is an antique pigsty and we climb four flights of steps to get from the street to the train platform. . . .
>
> IRA M. FREEMAN.
>
> New Brunswick, N. J.

> You are guilty of understatement. . . . The PRR from Steubenville to New York or St. Louis is loathsome. . . . Filthy toilets with no water, soap, or towels; filthy seats and floors in the coaches; poor food and poor service in the diners—and terribly expensive; dirty stations. . . .
>
> E. H. BEHYMER.
>
> Bethany, W. Va.

> In the matter of lateness, you must admit the Pennsylvania has taken great strides. It probably has later trains than any other American line. . . .
>
> R. C. ENGLISH.
>
> Pittsburgh, Pa.

> I have made several trips on the Pennsylvania. Each one was a nightmare. Now I fly. . . . If the Government takes over the railroads, officials like the ones on the Pennsylvania will have only themselves to blame.
>
> MILDRED PHIPPS.
>
> Philadelphia, Pa.

> To really savor the flavor of this pungent line you should take the sleeper hop from Detroit to Philadelphia and back on succeeding nights. . . . Human flesh should not be asked to bear so much. . . . We are for a law excluding Pennsy officials from the airlines, forcing them to take their own medicine!
>
> MRS. L. D. WELLS.
>
> Lansing, Mich.

> Traveling between Boston and Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania has become an endurance contest. . . .
>
> MRS. A. H. BETTINGER.
>
> Cambridge, Mass.

> I traveled last summer to Northern Michigan in a coach of the Pennsylvania's Northern Arrow. It should be named the "Northern Jerk." The cars were dirty, neglected, and surely without any springs. In leaving Cincinnati the windows were so dirty that we couldn't see anything outside; they were still in the same condition when we returned two weeks later. The toilets were in an indescribable condition; there was nobody on the whole trip to take care of them.
>
> ANNA C. HENLE.
>
> Cincinnati, Ohio.

> As a veteran of several missions on the Pennsylvania's St. Louis-Washington and New York-Washington runs, I state fervently that in all my travels, including six years in the Army, I have never ridden on a worse railroad.
>
> ROBERT F. COCKLIN.
>
> Washington, D. C.

> My one cardinal rule is: never go Pennsylvania if any other way is available.
>
> ALICE WARD.
>
> Washington, D. C.

> I commute between St. Louis and New York twice a month. Experience has taught me. If it's clear, I fly. If it's raining, and the Central has no accommodations—I wait, no matter how urgent my business! That Pennsylvania run over the mountains is pure agony. The condition of the roadbed—and of the cars they run over it—are disgraceful. We sufferers in St. Louis have been complaining to the directors for years. *You* try and stop them, Mr. Cerf!
>
> MARTIN DEVLIN.
>
> St. Louis, Mo.

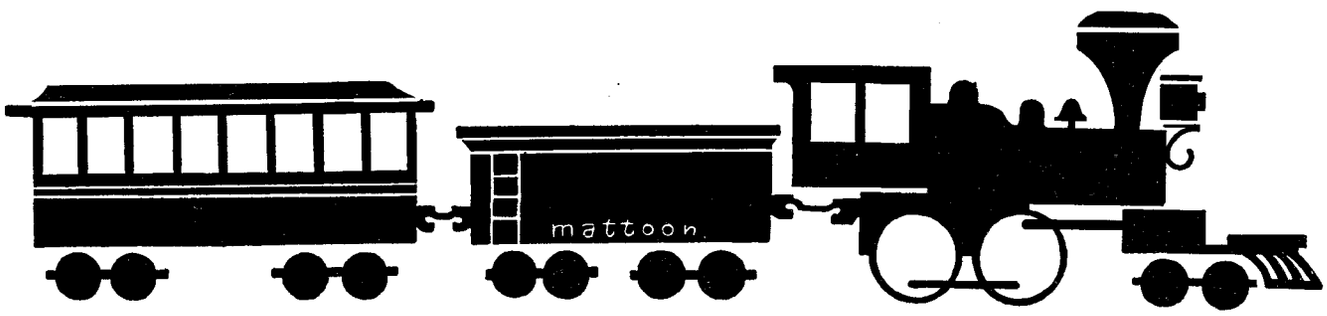
> Still licking my wounds after my first, and last, trip on that benighted line. From Chicago to Louisville I rode in an antique red plush coach. . . . Arrived in Louisville resembling a coal heaver. . . .
>
> HORTENSE LAMBERT.
>
> Fremont, Neb.

> I join in your indignation against the world's worst railroad. If everyone I have heard denounce it for its attitude, lack of service, roughness of roadbed, lateness, and filthiness of its coaches writes to you, you'll have to charter a special train of your own to get the letters to Pennsylvania's headquarters. . . .
>
> C. M. OVERTON.
>
> Lewisburg, Pa.

> Anything you can do to make the PRR passenger agent ride his own coaches is O. K. with me. My recommendation: try the B&O—a marvelous railroad.
>
> EDWARD KARPOFF.
>
> Washington, D. C.

> When you say that passengers "still have certain rights—if they will bother to demand them loudly enough," I sadly reply that you're on the right track, but the wrong railroad. . . . The last president of the Pennsylvania, I'm told, received 200 such letters every day—and was driven by them to an untimely grave. . . . Everything about the Pennsylvania is terrible—food, service, roadbed, light, ventilation, and employee attitudes toward passengers. Don't ride it!
>
> TOM PAYNE.
>
> Wilmette, Ill.

ROBERT R. YOUNG, whose unorthodox management of the C&O has de-



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lighted the public but irked standpat directors of other roads no end, told me flatly at luncheon that the railroads lose money on every passenger car that pulls out of a terminal —even when all the seats are occupied. "Do you mean," I asked, "that a twenty-car train, completely full, will lose more than a train half that length?" "I do," he replied firmly. In the booklet he sent over later Mr. Young stressed these further points:

1. Since VJ Day, the number of automobiles in America has increased 27 per cent, buses 12 per cent, trucks 46 per cent, and airplanes 186 per cent. In the same period our already deficient fleet of freight cars has *decreased* 2 per cent, sleeping cars 9 per cent, and day coaches 1 per cent. The state of railroad equipment today is tragic.

2. Who will pay the huge bill for expanding and modernizing that equipment? In the year 1947, while competing truck lines were earning 16.7 per cent on their net investment, and competing buses were earning 26.6 per cent, the railroads were earning only 3.4 per cent—and that margin is shrinking even further this year.

3. While maintenance costs soar ever higher for the railroads, trucks and buses roll over state highways virtually free, and airlines, whenever deficits loom, always seem able to cry their way into additional subsidies in Washington.

4. In 1947 the railroad passenger industry lost the staggering total of 426 million dollars. This year will be worse. That explains why the number of passenger cars in service has shrunk from 43,000 in 1924 to 29,000 today. Only 373 new ones were ordered in 1948, and fewer than 200 so far in 1949. Furthermore, the life expectancy of a passenger car is twenty-five years, and the average age of those in service today is twenty-four! "Soon," warns Mr. Young, "the less privileged of us may not be able to travel by rail at all."

OF COURSE, MR. YOUNG HAS HIS own axe to grind, and is making the picture look as doleful as possible. John Finnegan, general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania, writes in similar vein, and since I have printed the complaints of his outraged customers, it is only fair that I give him space to present his side of the story:

> The railroads claim that they received short-sighted treatment during the war and injustice and discrimination since. They are will-

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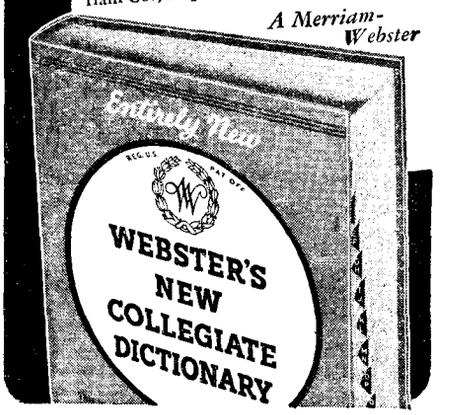

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ing to rest their case upon the facts.

While the war was on, they lacked the labor and materials for proper maintenance. They tried to set aside funds from their wartime revenues so they could make good the deferred repairs after the war. The Department of Internal Revenue, however, refused to cooperate, treated the unspent maintenance money as taxable income, and siphoned it away in excess profits taxes. This left the railroads with no reserves after the

war to make good the widespread ravages of their wartime service.

Since the war the industry generally has been unable to make much headway in clearing up its wartime deferred maintenance, but instead has added to it and is doing so today. Inflated material and wage costs, declining business, and the hesitation of the regulatory bodies in allowing vitally necessary rate increases have reduced railroad net to depression levels.

So when a passenger experiences a rough ride in an important train over mainline trackage, it is not because the management doesn't care, but because funds are lacking to put the track into proper condition.

The Pennsylvania, the largest of the country's systems, is a good example. It carried the heaviest burden of wartime traffic in the country because of the geographical location of its lines and the major centers of population, industry, and overseas shipping which it serves. From 1940 to 1948, inclusive, it incurred deferred maintenance amounting at current prices to over $254,000,000, for which neither reserves nor current funds are available.

During the war the building of passenger equipment was prohibited to conserve critical materials. As soon as the restrictions were lifted after the war, the Pennsylvania began placing enormous orders, to be financed chiefly by borrowed money, for new passenger-train equipment and the revolutionizing of the service. The first car orders were placed in January 1946, but the first deliveries did not begin until two years later, because materials and labor were still scarce.

Now, however, deliveries are coming along well and the new cars, and the Diesel-electric locomotives to go with them, are all expected well within the present year. The new cars will permit complete re-equipping of all principal East-West trains, and these trains are also being provided with Diesel-electric power in the non-electrified territory west of Harrisburg. Numerous important trains have already been completely re-equipped, including the New York-Chicago Broadway Limited and Trail Blazer, the Washington-Chicago Liberty Limited, and the New York-St. Louis Jeffersonian. Existing modern cars released from such trains are being used to step up the equipment of other trains all over the system.

Also important has been the retraining of employes. Morale broke down badly during the war because of necessary, but almost unbearably long, tours of duty, and the feverish strain of operating heavily over-crowded trains. It has taken time to recover from this, but immense improvement, especially within recent months, is evident beyond question. The employes are particularly buoyed up by the appearance of the new equipment in volume and management is confident that the last remnants of conduct and attitude which gave rise to criticism immediately after the war are on their way out. The aim now in sight is the restoration in full of the high standards of the past, plus far better equipment, far greater comfort and convenience of travel, and faster and more regular schedules than have ever before been provided.

MR. FINNEGAN, LIKE MR. YOUNG, makes a good case for the unfair shake American railroads may have had in recent years. He fails utterly to explain, it seems to me, why all other lines, facing precisely the same handicaps and crises, have managed to show up the Pennsylvania so shamefully. The Western roads—even two-by-four systems just out of financial reorganization—are so far ahead of the Pennsy in equipment, roadbeds, and service, that comparison is scarcely possible. Right here in the East, shiny, new, stainless-steel coaches of the New Haven or B&O often stand on adjoining tracks to dreary Pennsylvania trains to emphasize, as no mere words can, the difference in services offered.

Despite inferior terminal facilities in New York, the B&O is snaring more of the Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia traffic every day. New Englanders are learning to make a dive for New Haven coaches and diners—and the Pennsy take the hindmost. If the bigwigs who control the Pennsylvania don't do something drastic mighty soon, that prayer of the earnest little schoolboy—"Lead me not into Penn Station"—is going to swell so in volume it will sound like the national anthem.

—Bennett Cerf.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

It's the English in Us

GERALD W. JOHNSON

Gerald W. Johnson

THE American people, as the twentieth century approaches its halfway mark, are certainly not English. This seems to be a matter of perpetual astonishment to Englishmen who live at home and they are still incredulous despite a multitude of witnesses. The Frenchman Crèvecoeur told them so 175 years ago; but if they reject him as full of Gallic prejudice, they have the evidence of an impressive list of British observers, beginning with Lord Bryce, including Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells, and coming down to John Buchan, D. W. Brogan, and Harold Laski. All agree that the American is something quite different from the Englishman.

But what is he? The question puzzled Crèvecoeur in 1782, and it puzzled Laski no less in 1948. His name may be Roosevelt, contracted from Martenzen van Rosenvelt, which is emphatically non-English; he may have French, Italian, Flemish, Swedish, and Scottish blood, and yet be so nearly the model of an English gentleman that his enemies will accuse him of being practically a subject of the King; or he may be named Best, a native of a state with almost no intermixture of foreign blood, and yet be imprisoned for adhering to the common enemy of the United States and England. Obviously, the racial origin of an American doesn't tell much about him.

From this uncertainty has sprung in recent years a theory that since the country is no longer predominantly English, therefore it isn't English at all, or not to any important extent. It is a theory held tenaciously and hopefully by all who for highly emotional or severely rational reasons consider English influence derogatory to the country.

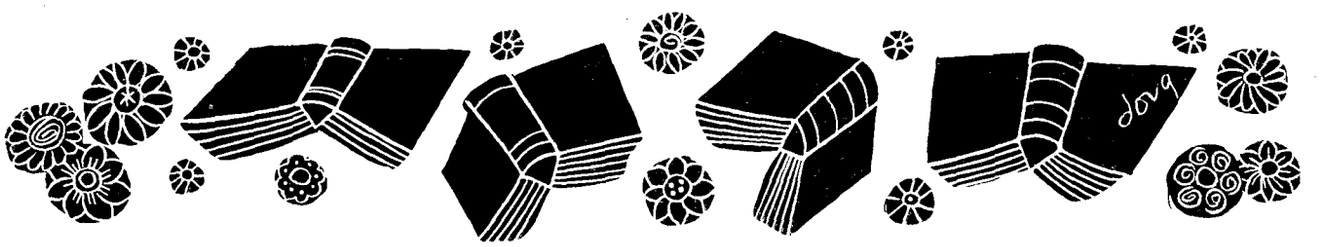
Statistically and theoretically there is a good deal to support it. For two generations before the quota system shut it off the great flood of immigration had come from non-English-speaking countries. Add twelve million Negroes and statisticians arrive at a figure of about fifty-one per cent for the non-British part of the population, and the British figure includes the Scotch, Welsh, and North Irish elements.

But there is an imponderable factor that doesn't appear in statistical tables. It is the English power of transmutation, which is very considerable indeed, the indefinable process whereby a Swedish-French-Italian-Scottish-Flemish-Dutch combination touched by English influence may become so remarkably like an Englishman as to command the enthusiastic loyalty of the English. During his wartime visit to London, Wendell Willkie was equally popular in West End clubs and in Limehouse. German-American he may have been by blood, but he was a good enough Englishman to be acceptable in London, whether among the aristocracy or among the proletariat.

It does not follow that when an American, affected by this power of transmutation, takes on some English coloration he is necessarily improved. We assimilate their bad qualities as well as the better ones; in particular there is only too much reason to believe that we are pretty well saturated with the worst of all English traits, one which is as conspicuous in them as it is in the Germans and the Jews and which has made all three groups bitterly hated.

THIS is the deadly heresy of the *Herrenvolk*, the Chosen People, the race whose merits are so conspicuous that even God is forced to recognize them and to take the race under His special protection. It may be argued with some plausibility that the English are worse infected with this disease than either the Germans or the Jews, simply because they proclaim it less vociferously. Their relative silence on the subject is attributable, not to any doubt of their own superiority, but to a confidence in it so sublime that they tacitly assume that all the world shares it. This assumption was never made by any other group that cherishes the same delusion of its own superiority. Therefore the others insist on proclamations that lay them open to ridicule, while the Englishman is so blandly certain of his membership in the Master Race that he considers it not worth while to make any effort to impress "lesser breeds without the law."

A hundred years ago Americans developed a virulent case of this malady and it is interesting to note that one of the correctives applied consisted of the comment of English writers, notably Charles Dickens, Harriet Martineau, and the female Trollope. The satire in "Martin



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Chuzzlewit," like many strong poisons, had a powerful germicidal effect when applied to a nationalism already inflamed and threatening to turn gangrenous.

The infection subsided for a while, but it has never been wholly eliminated and two conditions of modern American life are favorable to another flare-up. These are the simultaneous possession of great wealth and great military power. It would be fatuous to deny that it is easily possible for the American people, in the years immediately ahead, to generate an arrogance which would make that of the British seem almost a virtue by comparison.

But we are to some extent aware of the danger, and there is in existence some disposition to resist it. If the pattern of our national life is set by influences we know we should resist, then we are a failure as a nation. What is better worth considering here is the influence of those factors that are accepted and approved, sometimes unwittingly, but never consciously resisted.

In Scripture it is written that "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." As a rule, a man thinketh in his heart in the terms that he acquired when he first began to think at all, that is, in his youth when he was under formal instruction by professional educators. If he is an American, that formal instruction was given in the English language, and English literature was the medium used to give shape and expression to his notions of the sublime and the beautiful. Poetry he first learned as English poetry and even non-English thought, the philosophy of Plato, for example, came to him in the words of Benjamin Jowett.

His forefathers may have lived in Hungary, or Japan, or Mexico, or anywhere else, yet "if there be any virtue and there be any praise" in the thoughts of his heart and if these things come to him expressed in the English language, he is somewhat English regardless of race, or nationality, or residence in the midst of the Mississippi Valley. We are not English and our minds are not English minds, but as long as we can pick up a book of verse from London and be stirred instantly "there is some corner of a foreign field that is forever England."

The fact is immutable. It may be regretted, but it cannot be changed and it is folly to ignore it. That is the philosophy that really counts. The writings of the learned doctors may agitate the schools and fill the columns of the reviews and the more stately newspapers, but what moves the people is the intangible influence of a thousand years of English thought and English struggle. To attempt to measure it with any degree of precision is hopeless, for the people are not aware of it and cannot report it to others. As far as their conscious thought is concerned they may be anti-English and consider themselves anti-English to the bone; but it is not true.

Walking up Charles Street in Baltimore in the spring of 1939 I encountered a crowd of rather dilapidated youth streaming out of a church and into buses decorated with large cloth banners denouncing war and British imperialism. The young people were singing a dismal chant and bored-looking policemen stood around keeping the sidewalks clear.

"What goes on?" I asked the biggest and most bored.

"Some sort of pacifist outfit," he answered, twirling what elsewhere is called a nightstick, but in Baltimore an espantoon.

"That's all very well," he added suddenly, "until old England gets in trouble again, but then—." He spat and twirled his espantoon and looked silently down the street, closing the interview.

Not six months later the war was on and his words were justified; but to assume that the policeman was bribed by British gold, or deceived by British propaganda, would be nonsensical. He simply recognized the power of British tradition, which is for the most part English tradition, and knew what it could do.

There is no reasonable doubt that

(*Continued on page 35*)

Literally Speaking

By George Cole and David West

John Milton: "Comus"

A HIDDEN strength . . .
Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,
And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
May trace huge Forests, and unharbour'd Heaths,
Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wildes,
Where through the sacred rayes of Chastity,
No savage fierce, Bendite, or mountaneer
Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity,
Yea there, where very desolation dwels
By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench't majesty . . .

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Fiction. *The most significant of the books reviewed this week is "The Track of the Cat," by Walter Van Tilburg Clark, author of the well-remembered "The Ox-Bow Incident." Mr. Clark, in a dramatic story uses a panther ravaging the cattle on a remote Nevada ranch as a symbol of the evil forces that implacably pursue man. From the other side of the world come two satirical novels of English life. In "Two Worlds and Their Ways" I. Compton-Burnett, that unique and brilliant delineator of English upper-class life, portrays the middle-aged men and women who today are clinging desperately to their old traditions. Marghanita Laski's "Toasted English" is a robust fantasy of the kind of England that characters escaped from a Wodehouse story might like to live in. Robert Wernick's "The Freebooters" could come only from America. There is a nightmare quality in this acid novel, in which the lost generation of the Second World War is viewed riding on the road to nowhere.*

Man Against Relentless Evil

THE TRACK OF THE CAT. By Walter Van Tilburg Clark. New York: Random House. 404 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by EDMUND FULLER

WALTER VAN TILBURG CLARK is working again in the vein of "The Ox-Bow Incident." When that brilliant first novel was published in 1940 there was immediate recognition of an outstanding talent in American fiction. Yet it was the kind of remarkable performance that inspires trepidation. Clifton Fadiman cagily refrained from predictions, remarking, "The thing is so perfect that it seems to deny the possibility of growth on the part of the author."

"The City of Trembling Leaves," in 1945, seemed to endorse the Fadiman observation. It was not good, at any rate not for the author of "The Ox-Bow." It would have made a notable first novel (and there were guesses that in some senses it was such). Although it was not literally autobiographical it was a personal chronicle of youth and of the emergent creative power. Accordingly it had some of the characteristics of compulsion writing, or of "the book he had to write." It was sprawling and awkward and generally failed of realizing its aims though it displayed many of his gifts.

But the growth that seemed hard to expect after the first book, that did not appear in the second, is here in the third. It is true that it is less "perfect," but it is of larger scope. "The Ox-Bow Incident" was a compact social drama, remarkable for the skilful way in which it was isolated and brought under penetrating observation. It had a classical unity and simplicity of organization.

Possibly some readers will object to the fact that the new book is not as precisely schematized socially as the first, in which every peg fitted miraculously into its little hole. There is no overt, pointed social comment. He is looking in upon, rather than out upon, the world. For my part, I see it as a case of Mr. Clark cutting himself loose from formalistic or schematic constraints. There is artistic unity and simplicity in "The Track of the Cat," but there is also some of the looseness and apparent capriciousness of events which are in life. The actions have implications that go far beyond their limited context. He makes skilful use of the dream, for instance, to relate the fears and insecurities of his characters in their special dilemmas to the psychic disorders to which we all are susceptible in this increasingly fear-haunted society. The sense of doom, or of the relentless Evil Principle, which comes to the Indian Joe Sam as a supernatural black panther comes to many modern men in one image or another and often ends by working most powerfully on the minds of those who most deride it. The track of the cat sometimes crosses all our lives.

The scene is a remote valley in Nevada and its adjacent mountains. The time span is about three days. The action involves not only the relationships of men to one another, but also their relationships to forces of natural environment, and to mystic elements of destiny, fate, and Nemesis.

Three brothers, Arthur, Curt, and Harold Bridges, awaken before dawn on an October morning. The first snow of the year is falling. The driving wind accompanying it has brought to them the faint bellowing of the cattle on the range, a melancholy sound "like the faraway blowing of several horns not quite tuned together and not quite steady." Something, pre-

THE AUTHOR: The English in us to the contrary (see page 7), Walter Van Tilburg Clark finds in our overseas cultural heritage "a kind of borrowed depth that will not serve us very well. . . . The Indian increasingly takes on for me the importance of the real human product of this hemisphere, the race in which we can observe the characteristics which the land will, to some extent at least, finally produce in the white man, too. Joe Sam in 'The Track of the Cat' is the first considerable result of this bent."

The "Cat" had its origin fifteen years ago in a narrative poem, was retracked in a discarded novel, and was finally groomed for publication in the loft of an old apple-house on the ranch where Clark lives, seven miles from Carson City. In the interim he taught and coached basketball for a decade in Cazenovia, N. Y., wrote "The Ox-Bow Incident," "The City of Trembling Leaves," numerous short stories, and poems. For the past few years his literary work has been interrupted only by lecturing and reading at three writers' conferences.

"What kind of life is that, cooped up all day with a pencil and a sheet of paper?" the neighbors sometimes ask, but Nevada is his home—a Maine crib notwithstanding—and "those who know me know that I've been writing something or other since I was about eighteen. My other activities are mostly normal enough: I poke around the hills, wield a middling racket for the Reno Tennis Club, play a violin—never publicly. I'm very fond of ballads, though mostly I just moan them gently around the place—'Molly Malone,' 'Sweet Betsy from Pike'. . . . And when I'm haunted by my work and yet the haunting is producing no wanted spook, a game of chess will do the trick." He is working on some short pieces now, will probably begin another novel next fall but can't tell yet which of three already well-spooked plots is "nearest to ripe."—R. G.

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sumably a panther, is at them. The departure of Curt and Arthur into the storm to investigate sets in motion the machinery of this drama.

The Bridges ranch is a place of tensions. The father is an oratorical drunk, living in past days in San Francisco and Virginia City. The mother is bolstered by an evangelical religious faith which gives her a kind of force that is not actually strength. The oldest son, Arthur, possesses in a natural, undeveloped state the qualities of thinker, dreamer, artist. His adjustment to people and place, his sensitivity, sympathy, and insight are unique in this family. He is the main emotional support of his unhappy sister, Grace. (Arthur, in a sense, may be held to have overcome the world. If there is any triumph in the book, it is his.)

Curt is possessed by a psychotically domineering drive. He feeds upon his own heart in a constant fury that lashes out in bullying and brutality toward all around him. His frenzied activity and energy, his overweening egotism make him the prime mover on the ranch. Arthur is remote from him, uncompeting, and Curt easily dominates their much younger brother, Harold, a young man of decent instincts, currently preoccupied with his love for Gwen Williamson, who is staying with them.

The cast is completed by the aged Piute, Joe Sam. The Indian, incessantly bullied by Curt, confides only in Arthur. The old man is obsessed by the concept of a supernatural black painter, or panther, the size of a horse and invulnerable to mortal weapons. He believes the black painter begins to stalk with the first snow of each year and it has been Arthur's custom always to whittle him a wooden panther, as "medicine," each season. But Joe Sam is perturbed, for snow has struck early this year and his "medicine" is not finished.

These are the raw materials of the novel. Mr. Clark weaves them into a double pattern. Arthur and Curt work out progressive stages of tragedy upon the mountains, stalking the flesh-and-blood painter that has harassed the cattle. In counterpoint run the tensions in the ranch house. It is masterful, consistently sustained story telling, and it purges with pity and terror.

Part Three, relating Curt's lone struggle against the blizzard and the cat, high in the mountains, is a self-contained epic. *Hubris*, the mysterious catastrophe of pride, is at work. As in "The Emperor Jones" we behold an arrogant, strong man brought to grips with the primal fear.

In its minute attention to the details of natural phenomena, the behavior of animals, the wind and the snow, the geological characteristics of the mountains, the book reveals Clark as an extraordinary nature writer.

You can take "The Track of the Cat" as a symbolic, universal drama of Man against an implacable Evil Principle, forever stalking him, and you can ponder its implied question: If humility and violence meet the same end, is it a stalemate? Or you may enjoy it, without mysticism, as a stark story of man struggling with elemental antagonists in nature. It will stand either way. And either way it is a work of exceptional stature.

Toxic Doses of Tannic Acid

AUNT BEL. By Guy McCrone. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 432 pp. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM SOSKIN

THOSE of us who regarded ourselves as dimly distant cousins of the comfortable and honorable Scotch family whose rise was recorded in Guy McCrone's novel "Red Plush" are out in the cold again. In the slight sequel to that story, a harmless excursion into the manners of the upper middle classes of Glasgow in the 1890's, the family has attained such security and become involved in so many clannish vanities that most readers will be compelled to flee its stuffy bosom. And that is too bad, for there is no more delightful escape from the bleak modern landscape so completely barren of cousins, aunts, rich uncles, lusty grandmas, and other fine family institutions, than the flight to the rich nineteenth-century novels of love and honor among the family codes.

In the burgeoning pages of "Red Plush" the cheese merchants who were being graduated from the farmers' ranks and from the sordid levels of small trade, were still close enough to their economic roots, still so intimately an organic part of the industrial revolution as to possess a fascinating vitality. But now the quick flow of their ambitious blood has met the slightly hardened arteries that accompany success and conventional social attainments, and there is simply no bang left in the Moorhouse family.

The gatherings of the Moorhouse clans that revealed so much personality, so much dramatic subjugation of individual tempers to the family collective welfare, have now degenerated into gossipy and trifling parties to discuss various prospects of marriage. The characters of the early novel reappear in a series of leisurely charades.

All this genteel yakata-yakata centers about the ambitions of Aunt Bel, the kindly social arbitress of the family, to manage the lives of her son, her in-laws, and cousins and aunts. The author leaves us in no doubt and announces boldly at the outset that "Bel could be snobbish and ambitious, but her affections were real." He then proceeds to demonstrate the mild havoc such a character can cause through her interference in a romance between her son and the poor-but-honest and quite attractive Elizabeth, daughter of an embittered musician and his addled wife.

A conscientious sociological report on such a story would probably point out the evils of Victorianism in family life. It may be, however, that the trouble with the relaxed Moorheads lies in a simpler family institution—that of consuming toxic doses of tannic acid at innumerable tea parties, morning, noon, and night. Apparently no decision may be reached, no crisis weathered among the Moorhouses, unless it be accompanied by the pouring of gallons of tea. When an injury to young Tom upsets the plans for the civic ball, Bel calls for tea. Half an hour later the doctor is drinking tea in the drawing-room. Then Aunt Mary faces the ordeal of her daughter's marriage to cousin Wil—with three cups. Then Bell faces her mother's stubbornness about the organist's daughter with a cup of tea, and copes with her mother-in-law's temper with some tea. Eleven pages later the organist's family soothes the tremulous young Arthur Moorhouse with a tea party. Elizabeth, the palpitating daughter, demands tea two pages after that. Aunt Bel has a most satisfactory tea with an English colonel's socially desirable family . . . and so on to the last page of the chronicle.

Mr. McCrone thus emerges as the leader of the tiffin school of literature.

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School and Home

TWO WORLDS AND THEIR WAYS. By I. Compton-Burnett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 311 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

THIS latest novel of Miss Compton-Burnett's is superior to last year's "Bullivant and the Lambs," if that is possible. The ingredients which make up her extraordinary verbal fireworks are all here. There is the remarkable dialogue which goes on forever and is rather Restoration, or out of Congreve, if it has any model at all; the penetrating, merciless wit which serves to soften the shock of coming on the cruel truth so often and on so many levels; the adults and children who continue, through a line of novels set in the late Victorian era, to speak their thoughts, no matter how terrible, about themselves or each other, aloud; and, above all, Miss Compton-Burnett's lofty if austere standards on human behavior which offer no compromise even when it is a question of endearing herself to her readers.

Perhaps this is what, to our minds, places her in the highest rank of English novelists, which gives her the distinction of being not only the finest but the most original English novelist writing today. She has never tried to win us over to her views with the conventional devices of other novelists —the beautiful heroine, handsome hero, boy-meets-girl routine. Instead she makes terrific demands on us. Very few of her people are ever graced with either good looks or bothered by love affairs. They are invariably middle-aged or adolescent, seldom in between. Theirs is usually a sphere rounded by a sense of duty and position, the only breaks or stimulation coming when they encounter good and evil and their ability or inability to be honest in the presence of one or the other for long. Then, too, Miss Compton-Burnett's prose for all its frosty preciseness has such subtlety in the ideas compounded that the reader not only is obliged to read her slowly but is rewarded by a second or third reading.

The two worlds under consideration in the present novel are those of the world of school and the world of the home. Here, too, Miss Compton-Burnett continues along a singular path of pursuit, for all her novels—and there are several which have never been published in this country—deal with one kind of life as opposed or corresponding to another—servants and their masters, children and their parents, elders and their betters, etc. —the two parts that make a whole. With such a group as Sir Roderick and

Lady Shelley, their children Clemence and Sefton, a half-brother, Oliver, and their father's unwanted relations from a previous marriage, the Firebrace sisters, in addition to servants, governesses, school matrons and masters, and an exceptionally horrible collection of children attending the Firebrace sisters' respective schools for girls and boys, readers can well imagine the results as Miss Compton-Burnett, with her sometimes frightening tactics, drives home her shattering conclusions on the human race, and school life and home life in particular. But it is not only the gulf between school and home exposed, or the world of hermetically repressed old maids, male and female, with their frustrations and cruelties poised against the autocratic home world, but also episodes involving the urge to cheat in school and the mysterious behavior of a pair of earrings which make Miss Compton-Burnett's discovery of her two worlds so shocking.

Not the least of the talents of this unique English satirist is her fantastic dialogue. So much of it lends to quoting that space compels us to chose at random. And this random bit might just as easily set the pace of the book's maddening truths and erratic brilliance as any. It is Juliet Cassidy, née Fireplace, speaking:

> I mistrust all air. It is what winds and draughts are made of. And it is always morning or evening or some kind of air. I do not know what air in itself would be like, but no doubt very bad. Lucius shut the window; Mr. Dalziel will feel the air.

Regimented Paradise

TOASTED ENGLISH. By Marghanita Laski. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 212 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

MARGHANITA LASKI, who is a niece of the redoubtable Harold, had a good idea, a trick title, and what was plainly a lot of fun doing this exuberant and somewhat overblown satire on the English caste system, with particular attention to the erstwhile ruling class, a section of the British body politic so often the target of such potshots that it must by now be as porous as a *loofah*. In fact, it struck me that a little less ebullience and considerably less self-satisfaction on Miss Laski's part ("Look, Uncle, I'm dancin' ") would have sharpened the satire and bettered the book.

"Toasted English" begins with the return to England of five British refugees who have been sweating it out, Crusoe-style, on a South Sea Island between the fall of Singapore and the rise of the Labor Government. Three of them—James Leigh-Smith, Ughtred Thicknesse (see what I mean about exuberance?), and Penelope, eldest of the seven daughters of the Earl of Etarveleigh, are as synthetic as they sound and are also, it would seem, refugees from an unwritten Wodehouse novel. The other two are a serious young scientist named Wetherall and Janice Brown, a companionable blonde who, at the time of the débacle, had been more or less on the menu at the Raffles Hotel.

On the voyage home Leigh-Smith has uttered a fervent prayer that the General Elections of 1945, about to take place, will result in a Tory victory: "Oh God. . .let it be as it might have been. Alter the clock, fix the election, do it any way you please, but let me see England as it might be if it weren't for these bloody Socialists, let me see the England of all decent Conservatives' dreams." At that precise moment there occurred a sound like a thunder-clap which, had he but known it, was Miss Laski putting page 16 into her typewriter, arranging just that.

The bespoke Utopia which Miss Laski had devised is as rigidly stratified as a diplomatic dinner. The upper classes, or A's, are furnished with gold identification discs, their passport to lives of luxurious, enforced idleness. The B's, the middle-class, have silver ones, while the retainer class is tagged with solid English oak. The Trade Unionists, ranked D, wear bronze insignia, and there is a disreputable leaden E for tramps, beg-

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gars, and such intellectuals as may be picked up by the police. The great estates have been refurbished with the meticulousness of an interior decorator, the grounds are patrolled by gamekeepers "as winsome as any Lady Chatterley could wish," and as Leigh-Smith tools about the countryside in his Lagonda, smock-clad peasants touch their forelocks to him.

Leigh-Smith, Thicknesse, and Lady Penelope are, of course, of the purest A serene. The elderly Thicknesse elects to become a Clubman and Leigh-Smith a Man-About-Town, also an official designation, and is at once furnished by the Government with a checking-account, a smart car, a tailor, a hatter, and a deck of invitations to all the smart dinner parties, attendance more or less compulsory. Wetherall, a congenital Intellectual, is relegated to the outcast E's, and Janice, the cozy blonde, distinctly a Coalition type, wears her oaken C with considerably less resignation than that with which Hester Prynne wore her A.

Miss Laski now proceeds to put a few ironies in the fire. Cats, as we know, can be eventually choked with butter, and even privilege, if tyrannically enforced, can boil the bluest blood. As Leigh-Smith's father, a County stereotype, put it: "But if you knew how much I look back to those happy days during the war when we used to open a tin of baked beans in the kitchen."

It is all too late, Miss Laski tells us, with a gleeful insistence; the war, the bombing, the austerity, the tragedies faced and shared by all classes, have broken down the protocol to an extent that there can be no going back, even in a regimented Paradise for the Privileged. The end of the book, which represents some pretty arbitrary contrivance on the author's part, finds Wetherall, Thicknesse, Penelope, and the succulent Janice joining forces to escape to Ireland, leaving the shattered Leigh-Smith,

(Continued on page 26)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 792)

MOHANDAS K. GANDHI:
AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(Translated from the original Gujarati by Mahadev Desai)

*The fondness for condiments wore away, and I now relished the boiled spinach which in Richmond tasted insipid cooked without condiments. Many such experiments taught me that the real seat of taste was not the tongue but the mind.

*This refers to his first visit to England as a student and to the practice of using highly spiced food in India.

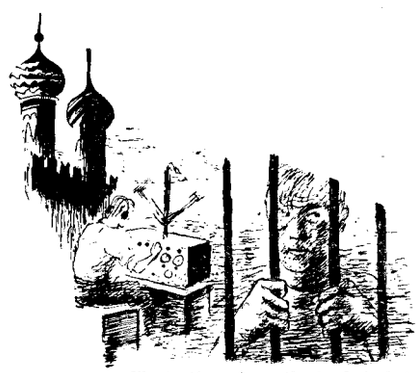
The World.

As the full implications of Hiroshima penetrated the consciousness of more and more men and women during the past four years, the movement for a world government that would diminish the likelihood of its repetition has gained ever-widening support. Already we have a sizable shelf of books on the necessity for and the means of achieving world government, including Wendell Willkie's "One World," E. B. White's "Wild Flag," and Cord Meyer, Jr.'s "Peace or Anarchy." Carl Van Doren's study of our 1788 Constitutional Convention, "The Great Rehearsal," has helped illumine the problem. Below, Stringfellow Barr (whose own "Pilgrimage of Western Man," scheduled to be published this summer, seems destined for a place on the shelf) reviews another important new book, Vernon Nash's "The World Must Be Governed." . . . Not quite as sensational as its title, but none the less absorbing and revealing is Alexander Foote's "Handbook for Spies."

On the Kremlin's Intelligence Pipeline

HANDBOOK FOR SPIES. By Alexander Foote. New York: Doubleday & Co. 273 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE



—Illustrations from the book jacket.

THROUGHOUT World War II the Kremlin had an intelligence pipeline right into the German high command. The Russians had the incalculable advantage of knowing at all times what German plans were, what matériel was on the way to the front, how Hitler's manpower was lasting, what weapons were being developed, what was the location of any particular German division. Stalin's men got direct information not only from the *Oberkommando der Wehrmacht,* but also from the *Luftwaffe* and the *Marine Amt.* Such is the sensational story of Alexander Foote, an Englishman whose book is an account of his service with the Soviet spy system during the war. If his "Handbook for Spies" is founded on fact, he definitely had a part in turning the tide of victory for the Soviets. "It was I who sent back much of the information which enabled the Russians to make their successful stand before Moscow."

Switzerland is the main scene of action in this astonishing exposé. In that neutral country the author, according to his story, acted as key agent in a Soviet intelligence ring fighting an undercover battle against the Germans. His contact with Hitler's high command had the code name of Lucy. Based in Switzerland, "Lucy provided Moscow with an up-to-date and day-to-day order of battle of the German forces in the East."

It is the Kremlin's policy, the author claims, to direct espionage operations against a country from a base in a neighboring state. Russians are seldom used. The spies do their work from behind the fronts of business or professions. The chief of the spy ring works through "cut-outs" who serve as his contacts with the various subordinate agents in the organization. In Switzerland, apparently, at least two Soviet spy rings were operating simultaneously against Germany, each independent of and presumably unknown to the other.

Mr. Foote, who spent ten years as a pro-Soviet career man, served with the Republican army in Spain. There he was "talent spotted" as a likely candidate for Soviet espionage. He proved his worth in Switzerland until he fell afoul of the local police and became known to the Nazi *Abwehr* men. Recalled from Switzerland he went via France to the USSR. It was during his stay in the Soviet Union that he became disillusioned with Communism. When he was finally sent abroad for further espionage work, he abruptly left the service of the Soviets. He is now "in a Government office in London."

Devotees of the E. Phillips Oppenheim school of fiction may well feel

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disappointed in Mr. Foote's book. The lady spies are a fairly prosaic lot. There is little cloak-and-dagger play, hardly any suspense. According to the author, Hollywood's sultry, mysterious charmer—Operator X-39 and all that—is the last person any major Intelligence service would recruit. The big power spy rings go in for ordinary, inconspicuous men and women who can go about their business without attracting attention. That sounds logical enough, but it is not so romantic and dramatic.

This volume devotes a good deal of space to the difficulties of communication between the network in Switzerland and the Center (Moscow). Operating a secret radio in defiance of Swiss neutrality offered plenty of problems, and in the end the author was caught at it. Little light is thrown on the methods by which Soviet agents got the information which was radioed to the Center. That is undoubtedly what the average reader would like most to know.

By way of compensation he gets interesting sidelights on the Canadian spy case and pictures of wartime life in Switzerland and Russia. In Switzerland there was the intrigue of double-crossing, for some spies worked both sides of the street. Life in Moscow, which the privileged author found comfortable enough, was less enjoyable when lend-lease food stopped coming. That Mr. Foote enlivened Moscow by teaching the Russians such illegal pastimes as gin rummy and stud poker is certainly one of the gayer footnotes to history.

Henry C. Wolfe is a free-lance writer and lecturer on foreign relations.

Door to an Entertaining World

A BARBARIAN IN ASIA. By Henri Michaux. New York: New Directions. 186 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by HUBERT CREEKMORE

IN THE contemporary flabby genre of travel books Henri Michaux's account of his experience of Asia is virtually unique. Even its title, "A Barbarian in Asia," reverses the usual tourist's attitude. This book is an exploration of the mind and the personality, made by a poet of extreme sensitiveness and perceptiveness.

Michaux rarely describes the scenery and when he does the purpose is to interpret rather than to show the picturesque. His brief notation of the bare landscape of Japan, the puny and gray *flora*, is to reflect the same characteristics in the Japanese. Instead of a temple, he will describe the drama or a manner of dress. ("Dress is a conception of oneself, worn by oneself," he says.)

The ultimate effect is a sense of intimate acquaintance with differing Asiatics, and an assay of their relative values and their collective values as against Western civilization. And quite often, the effect is the swift, brilliant insight and wit of poetry. The worlds of Michaux's later poems—of "Plume," "Grand Garabagne," and the "Magicians"—no doubt owe much to realizations and intuitions about man's inner life which arose from these travels. Both prose and poetry have the same piercing, astringent style, and both reveal the unique quality of his mind. Both achieve their effects partially by obvious paradox ("Nudity is very difficult to wear") or by extended paradox.

Thus, Michaux's tone may first seem to reflect aversion—"Faces of gelatine, and suddenly the gelatine melts and out of it comes a ratlike darting glance"—but paragraphs, or even pages, later, you discover he is writing with an objectivity that is painful to our rigid pro-or-anti distinctions. For he then writes of these same Chinese: "Faces astonishingly impregnated with wisdom, beside which the Europeans look exaggerated in every respect, veritable wild-boar snouts."

About half the book is concerned with India, and the remainder with China, Japan, Malaya, Java, and Bali. Throughout there are illuminating comments on the theatre and music of each country, on other arts, and on the conduct of women and love.

The Hindu sections, being more thoroughly developed, result in a more satisfying immersion in the foreign personality. Religious attitudes ("A prayer is a rape" of the gods) and mental characteristics ("panoramic, possessive, sensual") are outlined with stimulating evidence—not scientific, but poetic. The literature, art, love ("settled, perpetual, *constant*, not spasmodic"), and songs and films are subject to rewarding and frequently amusing comments. But Michaux cannot condone their ethos of submissiveness with its correlative inhumanity: "Ah! They can be proud, the Brahmins, of their fine work. During 3,000 years, they have succeeded in degrading 250 million men."

In the Chinese, he found the dominant traits of cleverness (they resisted the chance to invent the fork because it "requires no skill to manipulate"), modesty, courtesy, love of imitation, and basic strength; and over it all, a "pale, lunar" quality. In the Japanese—"an insular mentality, uncommunicative and proud," a devotion to service, cleanliness, modernity, and discipline. Among the Malayans and Balinese—wholesome, noble, humane, kind natures, with their centers in propriety.

Michaux's book is full of intellectual chuckles and poetic wisdom about several Asian civilizations, which, though involved with our own, are generally impenetrable for most of us. If he hasn't thrust us inside them with this book, he has at least opened a door to one of the most attractive and entertaining worlds we could find.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 310

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 310 will be found in the next issue.

ABCDEFGB HJGKLF

MNOJNP JA OJQN

CLAFEMR HJFGKLF

SNNP.—M. O. TEONA—

WEXJAGNR YKLXFMB

PKOQ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 309

Either be wholly slaves, or wholly free. —DRYDEN.

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Voice of Law

THE WORLD MUST BE GOVERNED. By Vernon Nash. New York: Harper & Bros. 206 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by STRINGFELLOW BARR

THIS is a good book that fully vindicates its ambitious title. Its virtues are clarity, order, conciseness, imagination, and good temper. Its defects are the defects of the audience to whom it is addressed—us Americans. Mr. Nash's long and rich experience as a lecturer has brought him the practical wisdom that is given only to those who submit to heckling. He knows from experience why world government is a frightening problem and he knows the various ways in which the problem is being dodged. He is patiently helpful to those who still cannot tell the difference between a league, like the United Nations, and a government. He is even patient with those who are so frightened of fruitful historical analogies that they tell the rest of us the differences between 1788 and 1948. He knows what not all federalists know, alas, that peace is the fruit of justice—a word we have recently allowed the Communists to appropriate while we were busy shrieking "Freedom!" He gives us a quick view of how various modern communities have turned to the federal principle to find both justice and freedom. He exhibits the absurdity of those who want to postpone the problem until a "world community" has developed and who apparently have some secret reason for believing such a community will grow out of a system of increasingly tyrannical nation-states. He sees through the notion of a "strong league," those leagues with teeth in them, dentures that never fit; and he unmasks our hypocritical willingness to "police" others instead of joining with them to set up genuine political institutions. Finally, he gives the best account in existence of the "world government movement" in America.

This is a very great deal, indeed, for one short and readable book to do. But it does something else which is perhaps even more valuable, although Mr. Nash may not have even intended to do it: it reflects accurately the limitations of the American movement. It is true that Mr. Nash understands the problem of government too well to make the common American assumption that if only war were eliminated, the problem would be solved. He knows what millions have learned from famine and misery: that America is a wealthy suburb surrounded by slums and that a world revolution is in full progress—an idea suburbanites find deeply repulsive. He is, moreover, entitled to question the reduction of all our problems to economics. But his book nevertheless remains in tone what the American federalist movement is in tone also: primarily the voice of law and jurisprudence. And it is a voice that is drowned out in most parts of the world by the more insistent voice of misery. But not in America.

This brutal fact makes our best-intentioned efforts at neighborliness look blind and overbearing. Mr. Nash shows signs of knowing this about us. Should he be blamed for not telling those of us who do not yet know —for not telling us more fully and more forcefully what a good world government would have to look like to interest non-suburban nations? If he had really discussed the problem of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, we might have thought he was a Communist. Yet men like Boyd Orr despair of feeding the hungry without world government. And Boyd Orr is only a Labor lord, with the experience behind him of running FAO for the United Nations. Nobody, it should be added, could have predicted more accurately than Mr. Nash why an organ of the United Nations would fail to handle famine.

Con Amore

ITALY AND ITALIANS. By Count Carlo Sforza. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 165 pp. $3.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

A WISE European who happened to be a German once said that in Italy all the best politicians are poets and all the best poets politicians, adding unkindly that probably few of the poets would ever have got any writing done if the vicissitudes of politics had not prevented them from making public speeches. Yet since Carlo Sforza went back to Italy to rebuild the republic of which he is now Minister of Foreign Affairs he has had time to give us this little book, which, if it is no less political than his other writings, reminds us even more strongly that the politician remains a poet. In fact, these discursive essays about Italian national character might be described as a sort of poetical commentary, a series of free descants in the margins of the severer prose of Sforza's "Contemporary Italy."

These essays originate, Count Sforza tells us, in the informal conversations, the dialogues beween speaker and audience, which followed his formal lectures, "Contemporary Italy and its Intellectual and Moral Origins," delivered in the United

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

COMPOUND WORDS IN POETRY

John L. Aycock, of Evanston, Ill., offers twenty quotations which contain compound words and asks you to match up the selections with their authors. Allowing four points for each correct tie-up and an extra point if you can also name the poem, a score of fifty-six is par, sixty-five is very good, and seventy-five or better is excellent Answers on page 28.

1. An old-stone savage	( ) Browning
2. Best-beloved Night	( ) Burns
3. Deep-browed Homer	( ) Coleridge
4. Doves in silver-feathered sleep	( ) De la Mare
5. Green-crested lapwing	( ) T. S. Eliot
6. Heart-easing Mirth	( ) Frost
7. His all-accomplished maid	( ) Gray
8. Ivy-mantled tower	( ) Holmes
9. Love's long-since-canceled woe	( ) Housman
10. Many an incense-bearing tree	( ) Keats
11. Moon-touched magnolias	( ) Longfellow
12. Old, unhappy, far-off things	( ) Amy Lowell
13. Rain-awakened flowers	( ) Milton
14. Red-hot rivets	( ) Noyes
15. Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound	( ) Poe
16. The broad-backed hippopotamus	( ) Sandburg
17. The crop-headed Parliament	( ) Shakespeare
18. The ghoul-haunted woodland	( ) Shelley
19. The sky-pavilioned land	( ) Whittier
20. Wine-red was his velvet coat	( ) Wordsworth

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States in 1942-43. He has polished them since, but in book form they still retain something of the relaxed intimacy and casual audacity of the lecturer who, having achieved his peroration, finds himself warmed by his own eloquence into saying what he really feels about his subject. Not that these essays contain any real indiscretions or surprises. Perhaps only a bold professor would commit himself in cold type to generalizations as sweeping as some of these, but there is nothing in any of them to embarrass the Senator or the Foreign Minister. They propose to speak realistically, "without bombast or apology," about the Italian character and the course of Italian history, but their realistic findings all turn out to be highly favorable. Italians all love their families, their native places, their country, and their Church; they even love their foreign neighbors when they can. Italians, before Mussolini, were never chauvinists or anticlericals, or addicted to political violence, or treachery, or corruption; any such forms of behavior were the un-Italian innovations of the *Fascisti*. The *Fascisti*, in fact, never behaved like Italians at all except at the moment when they concluded the Concordat of 1929, though it is an error to assume that this concession persuaded the Vatican to cooperate with the Duce. Count Sforza even finds that "if you look at a regiment of infantry passing down the street of an Italian city, you will receive an impression of neatness ... such as you will get in no other country."

Not all lovers of Italy, Italians or foreigners, will agree. But only the insensitive will doubt the sincerity of Sforza's own belief in what he says, and no one who reads these essays can fail to be moved and touched by them. Few readers can fail to be informed as well, for these deceptively simple little pieces are based on wide erudition and long, intimate knowledge. A few of the judgments expressed may be partial; many are wise and revealing. But neither breadth of scholarship nor accuracy of judgment seems vitally important in pages like these. What is the truth about national character, anyway, or about any sort of human character, for that matter, and who is qualified to tell it? Is the analyst's truth necessarily more valid than the lover's? These essays do not pretend to the analyst's objectivity. They are the love poems to Italy regained of a man who has given bitter proof of his right to say that he loves his country.

Garrett Mattingly is a professor of history at Columbia University.

Personal History.

The past publishing season, perhaps more than any other in recent memory, has found our critics restating and reevaluating the careers of the group of Concord, Massachusetts, men and women who made the years immediately before the Civil War one of the golden eras of American literature. The studies of Henry David Thoreau by Joseph Wood Krutch, of Nathaniel Hawthorne by Randall Stewart, Robert Cantwell, and Mark Van Doren, of Abigail Alcott by Sanford Salyer are this week joined by a life of Ralph Waldo Emerson by Ralph L. Rusk. H. E. Jacob's "World of Emma Lazurus," another new book, deals with a poet who enjoyed Emerson's friendship and approbation. . . . Jeanne Saleil's "A House in the Cévennes" is the nostalgic memoir of a happy youth spent in France.

A Larger, Stronger Emerson

THE LIFE OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON. By Ralph L. Rusk. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 592 pp. $6.

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER

THE life of Ralph Waldo Emerson presents a special problem to the biographer. As the life of a man, it was conspicuous for its normalcy, its total lack of the sensational. Emerson had most of the experiences and private tragedies that a sensitive upper-class American of a century ago might be expected to have had, and he reacted to them as most Americans might wish that they would react in his place. But the spirit which guided and illumined his actions throughout his seventy-nine years was extraordinary to the point of genius—extraordinary for the mystical insight, the moral sanity, the unswerving purpose which finally gave his personality an unfailing radiance and strength. The true biography of Emerson is the story of his inner life.

—*J. W. Alexander.*

Ralph Waldo Emerson—"an individualist struggling."

The difficulty of telling this story has not deterred most biographers and critics from creating either an inspired saint or an impractical dreamer. Only James Elliott Cabot, the younger friend of his later years and his literary executor, had succeeded up to now in letting Emerson tell the story of his own inner life by reliving the events of his worldly progress. But Cabot was too close to his subject, and his "Memoir" is only a partial portrait. It remained for Mr. Rusk to present the complete picture. This is a great biography of a great man. It is the best biography of Emerson, but it is more than that; it is one of the best literary biographies in our language.

Mr. Rusk is successful where so many others have failed because he has thoroughly absorbed the appalling mass of documentary evidence available, and because he has maintained as nearly an unpartisan attitude as would be humanly possible. He is sincere when he says that he has tried to let Emerson and his contemporaries "speak for themselves and act as they did in real life, without much regard to our preconceived notions of them." The result is, as he hoped, an harmonious totality of the "many discordant elements" that composed Emerson the seer, the thinker, the lecturer, the writer, and the man. The story of an inner life can only thus be fully told by a firm resolve to avoid saying anything at all about it. The simple historical record, reconstructed with discrimination, sympathy, and care, must speak for itself. There are many examples of his biographical skill, but perhaps the most impressive is his treatment of the story of Ellen Tucker, both in

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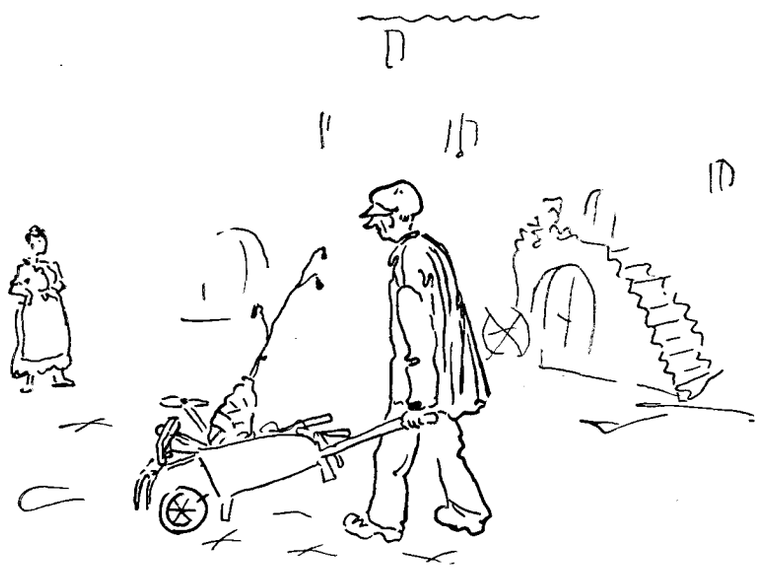
life and in memory, with full realization of its emotional importance but with no hint of sentimentality or distortion.

A biography that is all and only a biography will, of course, be disappointing to many readers, and Mr. Rusk will doubtless be charged with avoiding the philosophical and literary problems that any critic of Emerson must face. For example, the conflict between the Pyrrhonism of his college literary society and the longing for dogmatic certainty that lay so deeply in his mental inheritance is not examined, even though it is probably the first recognizable source of the dichotomy in his ultimate philosophical position. And we are given no analysis of the principles of literary structure in the characteristic Emersonian lecture-essay, so obviously an adaptation of the homiletic technique of repetition and expansion for emphasis to the traditions of Miltonic and Addisonian prose. There is no answer to this charge except to say that good philosophical and literary interpretations may still be written, and that they will be better for being built upon this book, but the book itself is a biography—that and nothing more.

It may also be said—as Mr. Rusk himself so disarmingly confesses—that his is not quite a perfect sympathy. He is primarily interested in his subject "as an individualist struggling, though never with entire success, to keep his area of personal freedom safe from encroachment." This aspect of Emerson may be major for Mr. Rusk; it was minor for Emerson. But we can allow this discrepancy even though it occasionally makes for an emphasis on those actions which seem self-interested, and for something less than a full understanding of the higher motivation involved. Remember, Emerson is speaking for himself, but of necessity through Mr. Rusk, and the Riverside scholar can be but a partially transcendental naturalist. Yet he makes us realize after all that the Concord sage was an authority on pears.

We should be thankful for this book, especially in these times. Emerson's transcendental faith may not be wholly transferable to our day, but an understanding of an integrated, sweet, and compelling personality is tonic for our confusions. Mr. Rusk's complete and living portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson helps us also to remember what "purer" critics are so prone to forget: that a philosophical position or a work of art is always—whatever else it may be—the product of a personality, a time, and a place.



—*From the book.*

Oh, to Be in Fougayrolles!

A HOUSE IN THE CEVENNES. By Jeanne Saleil. New York: The Macmillan Co. 208 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT

MORE than current exhortations on the radio or in magazines to travel abroad, this book made me homesick for France. Oh, to be in Fougayrolles now that June is here, and to drop in at the Café de la Paix (radical) or the Café du Commerce (conservative). The real flavor of life in a little French town is distilled in this book. Anyone who knows that life will read with pleasure and recognition about the Saleil family and Fougayrolles in the Cévennes. Fougayrolles had "1,011 registered constituents," a number which now must be 1,010, since the author, who was born in the south of France and educated at the Sorbonne, is at present residing in Northampton, Mass., where she is associate professor of French at Smith College. Her recollections are marked by humor, fidelity, gaiety, and quite probably nostalgia, since Northampton is so far removed from the Cévennes. At least she wakes nostalgia in her readers. Julian Green compares her book to the work of Daudet, saying, "Not since Alphonse Daudet has any writer given us such an accurate and colorful picture of Southern France. Here is the Midi with its laughter, its worries and its inimitable accent." It reminded me also of a young, humorous Colette, thinking fondly of her similar *pays*. (Saint-Sauveur is just five miles across the brook from Fougayrolles.) The mood is warm here; the laughter appreciative and affectionate.

The Saleil family, who had almost as much trouble with their house as Mr. Blandings, first went to Fougayrolles under the onus of being summer people. "From off island," as they say in Nantucket. They were foreigners, outlanders, though Madame Saleil's birthplace was only five hours away by train. Little by little, they were accepted, made part of the inner life of the town, until finally that most flattering of all tributes was paid them, "*Ils sont du pays.*" They were truly *Fougayrollais* at last, integrated into the life of the community. "What wonderful human treasure a village small enough to be encompassed in a fifteen-minute walk holds," says the author, and that is our whole background. The sights, sounds, smells, and small passionate interests of the place are all here, the village gossip, local rivalries, weddings, funerals, scandals. No town ever had more individualists and we meet them all, the stingy mayor, the lovelorn sewing woman, the titled family and their offspring known locally with humorous disrespect as "*le Countillou.*" Details about daily tasks and growing things are accurate. Proverbs run all through the book and a sense of the colorful local speech is one of the things that delighted me most: "An odd pot finds an odd lid," or "That marriage won't make the moon turn over," "The empty sack is hung in the rain; the full one where it is dry." Miss Saleil, who seems to have many strings to her bow, has done the spirited sketches too.

Francophiles are sure to find reading this a delightful, rewarding, heartwarming experience.

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Sybarite, 32 B. C.

EPICURUS MY MASTER. By Max Radin. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 142 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MILTON K. MUNITZ

IN THE year 32 B.C. in Rome a man was slowly starving himself to death rather than continue to suffer the pains of what he took to be an incurable illness. Titus Pomponius Atticus, then seventy-seven years old, had lived a full and rich life. The history of Latin literature and Roman affairs accords him a relatively minor role and his name is unlikely to evoke, except in the minds of specialists, any mark of recognition. Such few brief things that he wrote are no longer extant, yet here was a man who in his own day achieved a special kind of prominence and, under the revivifying pen of Professor Radin, illustrates a career that continues to exhibit a special kind of interest. Atticus (so nicknamed because of his long sojourn in Athens, where he assimilated the best that was then available of Greek genius in its literature, philosophy, and art) enjoyed a unique combination of human gifts, partly the result of chance and family background, partly the outcome of his own single-minded devotion to a mode of life which he practised with consistency and mastery.

As a wealthy banker, his support was sought for by many of the politically great of his day. For Atticus, however, his wealth was essentially a means of accumulating such treasures of art and physical comfort that make for refinement in living. Among his friends and intimates were to be found the great and the near great in the world of affairs and letters. Cicero had been a lifelong friend of his and they carried on a long correspondence. Political rivals like Octavian Caesar, Marc Antony, Julius his intimates.

Suppose such a man were to write his autobiography. What might it be like? Professor Radin has asked himself this provocative question and the work before us provides his answer. What we find is the fruit of a variety of interests and an opportunity for appreciation on several levels. Professor Radin is a learned classicist but his scholarship is made to serve the ulterior purpose of imaginative and sympathetic reconstruction of a life that expressed a dominant mode of thought. To the historian, interested in the turbulent years of the first century B.C. in Roman affairs, a century also fateful for world history, this book offers a way of seeing those events as focused through the eyes of a man who lived with and among those who were to shape its character. At the same time and on another level, however, what we have are the reflections and sentiments of a mind for which the philosophy of Epicureanism guides its estimates and choices. Such a philosophy had in ancient times a long history, and has had throughout subsequent ages its many adherents. With systematic thoroughness, but at the same time with an unforced naturalness, Professor Radin explores the philosophy of Epicureanism through the eyes of the reminiscing and meditative Atticus as it touches on such themes as the uses of wealth, the institution of slavery, the practice of war, the values of a possible world dominion under a single power, friendship, art, love, the nature of the gods, death, the pursuit of pleasure.

The outcome is a work which can assume its own distinctive place in the literature of Epicureanism. Its special value is not that it offers any profound statement or critical estimate of that philosophy. What it does offer is a simple and effective restatement of what such a philosophy meant in the life of a disciple.

Milton K. Munitz teaches philosophy at New York University.

We Are the Music Makers

By Ben Ray Redman

WRITING by light so black it blinds us.
We seek to shape the chaos of a time
That has the soul of an exploding star;
And every working moment finds us
Busy reducing galaxies to rhyme—
But still uncertain who and what we are.

Poetess, 1860's

THE WORLD OF EMMA LAZURUS. By H. E. Jacob. New York: Schocken Books. 222 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

EMMA LAZURUS was sensitive, romantic, a daughter of wealth, and, beyond that, daughter to every romantic impulse that stirred the intellectual world of her times, in the 1860's and onward. At the age of seventeen she met Emerson at Sam Ward's house; a year later she was sending off a copy of her first book of verse to Concord and beginning a correspondence and a friendship that was to last many years. I think an examination of his letters to her and of her poems (from both of which Mr. Jacob quotes widely) will show that the aging philosopher erred on the side of generosity, addressing her as though she were a young poet inspired with the divine fire. It would be truer to say that she lived in its reflected glow. (Certainly Emerson's failure to include her finally in "Parnassus," his anthology of English and American poetry, came as a terrible and incomprehensible blow to her.) Emma was deeply responsive to the emotional impulses that shaped the great romantic poetry of the century. Heine, Byron, Shelley, Whitman—she absorbed them into her blood stream and spoke with their tongues. It is curious that she wrote, of Longfellow, at a later date: "One could almost guess from any volume of his poems, what great poet he was reading at the time, and by what foreign influence he was dominated"—for this was so closely true of her own writing.

She was not, then, a great creative personality, but she was a person of fine and prophetic perceptions. She vibrated to the best thoughts and feelings of her age, and on at least one occasion gave voice to them with a power all her own. This was of course her famous sonnet "The New Colossus," the most notable line of which is engraved at the base of the Statue of Liberty. For the rest, her poetry must of necessity remain shadowed in the obscurity that settled about it after her death. Yet she may survive, in those dovetailed histories of literary friendships, the close friend of Rose Hawthorne and Marian Evans, the correspondent of so many of her great contemporaries. Mr. Jacob's book is not in any sense critical but it is an honest and lucid statement. It gives us more detail and shading than we have had before, in the portrait of a poet who, if not great, was nevertheless noble and heroic in the Emersonian sense.

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Poetry. *The life work of Charles Erskine Scott Wood, a great figure in American poetry, a man who was like one of the major prophets of old judging his own time—yet also a poet of delicately molded lyrics—is appraised below. Likewise, an established English poet of sensitive modernism, Stephen Spender, receives attention, while several younger poets of Canada come before us. If of anthologies there seems no end, still Kenneth Rexroth on the new British poets shows his individuality in the composition of one, and the sincerity and enterprise of Geoffrey Grigson in London and Stanton A. Coblentz in America result in interesting collections in the most creative of the arts.*

Pagan Enemy of Sham

COLLECTED POEMS OF CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD. Foreword by Sara Bard Field. Introduction by William Rose Benét. New York: The Vanguard Press. 320 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by GUSTAV DAVIDSON

THOSE familiar with the satiric prose dialogues in "Heavenly Discourse" have long known that their author, the late Charles Erskine Scott Wood, was primarily a poet. The best proof of that fact is contained in "Collected Poems," a handsomely designed, 320-page volume in which Sara Bard Field, companion, wife, and fellow-worker of the California sage, has assembled his major works in prosody: the famous, long, philosophical "Poet in the Desert," the collection of Western verse, "Poems from the Ranges," and miscellaneous lyrics which made their first appearance in magazines no longer published. The acknowledgments on the verso of the title page are revealing, not only as to the variety of sources, but also as to dates of original publication, the earliest going back to 1919, the latest (a posthumous one) to 1945. Colonel Wood died in 1944 at the age of ninety-two.

The book is divided into seven sections, the first five given over to the shorter poems. Both in content and treatment they hew close to familiar patterns. Most of them are indistinguishable from the work of other poets of lesser stature. Here and there, as in "To a Dead, Black-Headed Grosbeak," "When Trilliums Wake," and "Diana," the lines are of a dewy freshness, carry an exquisite and weightless burden of song:

Little apostle of the spring's delight.
The expectant morn
Will listen on the hilltop but in vain.
He will not hear his little priest again.

Or they are freighted with emotions at once spontaneous and uniquely expressed, as in parts of "But Still There Shall Be Gods." But more often than not the work is of slender poetic substance, repetitive, transparent, and of a childlike naivete.

On the other hand, Wood is rarely perfunctory or didactic, even when he inveighs, like another Jeremiah or Micah, against the evils of his generation. At all times he is passionate and unreserved in his avowals and persuasions. His "Two Sonnets from Sonnets to Sappho," "I Looked on My Beautiful Woman Sleeping," "In Our Cheap, Transient Room," and others declare the honest male ardor as forthrightly as Whitman's "A Woman Waits for Me," or "Song of Myself," or Lawrence's Rhine Journey cycle. But Wood's eroticism is handled with greater poetic restraint. Which is not to say that he is as good as, or better than, Whitman or Lawrence; only that he bears favorable comparison.

When he lifts his sights from the particular to the universal, as he does in later sections of the book, he steps forth as the "doughty seer," the natural "yea-sayer," and "no palate was ever more sensitive than his to the wine of life." As Mr. Benét warmly speaks of Wood in the introduction: "Most of his life was spent . . . at grapple with the effects of greed and monopoly"; he was "a laughing enemy of sham, an arch foe of social and political hypocrisy, a heretic nearer to the living God than many a devout believer." All this comes through in his longer verse, particularly in the "Poet in the Desert." Here, alternating in his rhapsodies and recriminations, invoking pity and love for blameless babes or calling down the wrath of heaven upon tyrants and enslavers, Wood claims as his brothers and sisters (in the voice of the "Poet," a symbolic abstraction) all "murderers, thieves, prostitutes, criminals," averring at the same time that even before they were born "I prepared you/For the brothel and the gallows." Reformer and artist, as Sara Field points out, "perpetually struggled for mastery in him, producing, according to their balance or unbalance, some of his best and worst work." True. But the pagan delight in life overrides all other feelings.

Wood lived no interior existence. Neither by creed nor creation does he pose any mystery for us. All he did and wrote are an open book. The poems are eloquent of the outdoors, shimmer with sunlight, "live and move and have their being in an amplitude of space, animated with wings, water, wind." And while he sees life, in words reminiscent of Whitman, as a dreary and ofttimes hopeless processional:

I hear the hungry roar of furnaces;
The clang of hammers and the clank
of chains;

The women, mothers of children,
. . . crypts of the ages;
The innocent children . . .
Bearing the seeds of the unknowable
Future

he also hears

. . . the roll call of the woodpecker
Drumming Pan and his little
goat-mouthed satyrs
From the shadowy forest

and

The mournful cooing
Of doves near the bubbling spring.

No one will quarrel with Wood's revolutionary ardor, his abhorrence of privilege, his zest for life, his uncompromising devotion to social betterment. As a poet, however, it is difficult, with all the good will in the world, to accord him major rank. In the tens of thousands of words which poured from him, one comes upon many passages of arresting power and splendor, but the highest levels are not often scaled, and the output on the whole is only better than average. Nevertheless, a place must be made for Charles Erskine Scott Wood beside the bards of America who laid their lives and their gifts, in full and incorruptible measure, on the altar of song.

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Revival in Canada

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS. By Robert Finch. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, Ltd. 132 *pp.* $2.75.

DEEPER INTO THE FOREST. By Roy Daniells. The same. 76 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by A. J. M. SMITH

THE poetic revival in Canada during the last decade has been marked by the appearance of a group of young poets whose command of the modern technique has at last been adequate to the task of reconciling the claims of colonialism, nationalism, and cosmopolitanism. Recent work by A. M. Klein, of Montreal, Patricia Page, of Ottawa, and Earle Birney, of Vancouver, have demonstrated to a wider than local or national audience that Canadian poets can take their place beside the younger English and American poets who have entered into the metaphysical tradition to grapple with the current moral and spiritual crisis.

In these two beautifully printed books Robert Finch, professor of French at the University of Toronto, and Roy Daniells, head of the English department of the University of British Columbia, have made an impressive, if rather self-conscious effort to revitalize the national sensibility by expressing it in a language and imagery made sophisticate by a wide knowledge of literary convention and by a background of art, philosophy, and, indeed, the whole grab-bag of contemporary culture. That the results are only partially successful is an indication of the extreme difficulty of the task. It is no reflection on these poets' meticulous craftsmanship or the allusiveness of their wit. These volumes fail in their larger purpose because of the extreme difficulty, at this late date, of showing the tragic plight of modern man in terms of sentimental irony, as in Mr. Daniells's two sonnet sequences, "Anthony" and "Deeper Into the Forest," or in terms of verbal "cleverness" and a conglomeration of alertly transposed sensations, as in so many of Mr. Finch's poems.

"The Strength of the Hills" is Mr. Finch's second volume of verse. It is a little disappointing after the remarkable first volume, "Poems." A number of the poems show a sense of straining after effect—at the worst a kind of intellectual whimsy that corrupts the theme and essence of a poem, and at the best merely the use of a finicky, precious, or too erudite a word. What is to be said, for example, for a line like "The jig-saw lake channels are gadrooned with islands"? Nevertheless, out of the 193 sonnets and short poems there are half a dozen that are beautiful, clear, elegant, and completely satisfying. Such poems as "Part of Time," "The Harp," "The Song," "The Encore," or "The Thorn" are a pure and accurate poetry filled with a sensibility and wit that are at once strikingly individual and universally true.

Mr. Daniells, too, is at his best when he is simplest. Most of the poems in "Deeper Into the Forest" are accomplished and rather erudite essays in the metaphysical manner. The dilemma of modern man is presented in terms of little allegorical dramas filled with oblique and sometimes pregnant allusions to mythology, literature, science, and the morning paper. The mixture of the slangily familiar with the grandiose and tragic is difficult to bring off, and the methods of Laforgue, the early Eliot, and Wallace Stevens have pitfalls from which Mr. Daniells has not entirely escaped. The sensitive and clever young man who is the imaginary protagonist of these poems is filled with a sense of tragedy and frustration that can be accounted for with sufficient clarity only by his own inadequacy. This reviewer is heartened by the fact that Mr. Daniells's most significant poem—and a very fine one it is!—is a genuinely Canadian poem, a noble and ringing evocation of the heroic past and troubled future of the Canadian West in the odelike "Farewell to Winnipeg."

A note should be added in closing that these two books represent almost the first effort of a Canadian publisher to produce volumes which in typography and binding are genuine works of art. Both the publisher and Paul Arthur, of Toronto, the designer, deserve to be commended. It is hoped that these first two "Indian File" books will be followed by others, and that other Canadian publishers will begin to pay as much attention to the physical beauty of their books as McClelland & Stewart.

Stephen Spender—no "facile solutions."

Continuing Crisis

THE EDGE OF BEING. By Stephen Spender. New York: Random House. 57 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GERARD PREVIN MEYER

STEPHEN SPENDER'S latest slim volume continues on "the edge of being" upon which this poet has poised since his memorable first "Poems." With each succeeding collection, Spender seems more conscious of "What breaks the heart— / The tears and bloodshot vein of seeing / The outer world destroy the inner world." Nearly gone are the noble serenity that informed his unforgettable "I think continually of those who were truly great / Who, from the womb, remembered the soul's history" and the great hope of "the beautiful generation that shall spring from out our sides," "those / Who build a new world in their heart."

With the rest of his generation, Spender has encountered in full measure before his fortieth year "all the years and years / Of future disappointments" that he foresaw at twenty-four. Today, unflinchingly honest, he faces with less ease a world of continuing crisis, for which he rejects all facile solutions, whether political or poetical. Yet this sensitive talent continues to hope and to search, though the intensity of his awareness of the real world tends, rather unfortunately, to introduce the note of strain.

One cannot be indifferent to the emotion that informs his poems on the Battle of London, in which he was a civilian participant. But an effort to approximate the poet with the average man, like "The Conscript," does not come off; it is defeated by its own sensitivity; the identification is impossible.

But other poems in "The Edge of Being" are better—among them, "On the Third Day," "Awaking," and "Faust's Song." "Such joy my new-awaking proves / Each day—until I start to care" (from "Awaking") epitomizes both Spender's successes and his failures. His "new-awaking" comes with those moments of awareness when the poem virtually breaks out and assumes a life of its own. But, when he "starts to care," the poet worries his way into the poem, and the result is singularly impure. On the other hand, a line like "My endless longing meets her endless looks," from "Faust's Song," achieves, in Spender's unique way, that release from personality which Eliot speaks of, without the elder statesman's dehydration.

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For the Left, Cognoscenti & Mystic

POETRY OF THE PRESENT: An anthology of the Present and After. Compiled and introduced by Geoffrey Grigson. London: Phoenix House, Ltd. 233 pp. 10s 6d.

UNSEEN WINGS. The Living Poetry of Man's Immortality. Compiled by Stanton A. Coblentz. New York: Beechhurst Press 282 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by A. M. SULLIVAN

PUTTING together a book of poems by others is not a casual venture. It calls for enterprise and discipline, and is best conducted in the ignorance of fellow-poets and partisans.

The two anthologies here are alike in the sincerity and enterprise of the editors. Both editors include poems of their own, which is an innovation of modern anthologists, and not in the hair-shirt tradition. Geoffrey Grigson's collection of modern English verse is for the elect of the left and for the cognoscenti. Stanton A. Coblentz's garland, to borrow the Meleager term, has for a theme man's immortality. Grigson concerns himself with poets born in England and Northern Ireland since 1904, while Coblentz searches through a century or more in America and Europe for poems depicting man's wrestling match with the eternal shadow.

Grigson in an informative preface attempts a definition of the "modern" poet, and his influence. He compares the schools of poetry, the movements, the political coloration of ideas that have left their mark on English verse in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, and makes a rapid assay of the influence, of such names as Yeats, Hardy, Eliot, and Auden. The introduction spends much time with the asides of the younger Auden, the Marxian pronouncements of C. Day Lewis, and the definitions of Louis MacNeice. The interim poets of World War I, Siegfried Sassoon, Edmund Blunden, Wilfrid Owen are not part of Grigson's pattern. He makes no mention of Aldington, Flint, and the other imagists who opened the door for the "terrible infants" of the Thirties.

After reading Mr. Grigson's introduction I looked for a technical resemblance in the work of the thirty-six poets but found little except in a common virtue of mental energy and a common fault of self-conscious statement. The range of style varies from the brash verbosity of George Barker to the tight, lucid iambic couplets of John Hewitt in "Conacre," a splendid poem of the Irish land. The tempo moves from the cynical jester Betjeman to the lugubrious lover's farewell of Katherine Raine. Despite their modernity, the poems show occasional traces of Herrick, Pope, Wordsworth, and the obvious influence of Housman and Yeats. The metaphoric dazzle of Dylan Thomas makes his poetry both original and difficult. Rex Warner's pinwheel rhetoric presents a similar problem. Among the newer names my personal choice favors Ruthven Todd, Laurie Lee, and an occasional poem of Charles Madge. The prosy sapphics of Kenneth Allott are typical of the tyranny of intellect over the emotions. Among the elders, MacNeice wears well, and Spender's earlier poems stand the test of years better than the younger Auden. These daring young men once writing with verbal enterprise before the public mirror are now seeing as "through the glass darkly," but with greater spiritual insight. Mr. Grigson's "Poetry of the Present" is generally "for the present" a rewarding, as well as irritating, sample of the metaphysical and ivory-tower poetry that has passed its peak of esthetic interest.

The clarity of the lyric lines of the traditional practitioners of verse in Mr. Coblentz's book is difficult to accept after wrangling meaning from the young intellectuals of Grigson's book. At first, the poems seem too easy, too contrived, a criticism which can be leveled justly at some selections. The anthologist has divided the book into six sections under such unfortunate headings as "Beyond the Sunset," "Eerie Visitants," "Hauntings," "Dreams and Visions," "Life Beyond Life," and "Windows Within." Where Mr. Grigson's collection is for the poet and the initiates of an inner circle, Coblentz, with diligence in reading and careful examination of the known, unknown, and forgotten poets, offers a wide range of spiritual fare. He deserves our applause for seeking out the forgotten Archibald Lampman, the Canadian, and offering a translation of Giacomo Leopardi. Several of the splendid lyrics of Arthur Davidson Ficke are included. Thomas S. Jones is represented by one of his better sonnets. Other competent poets included are Mark Van Doren, Robert Hillyer, and Leonora Speyer, but Coblentz presents several writers of trivial sentiment hardly worth the saving for posterity. The recent death of Charles Hanson Towne is brought to mind by the inclusion of his prophetic "Beyond the Stars," which is a musical and joyful admixture of "Thanatopsis" and the "Hound of Heaven," concluding—

I trod the precincts of things yet unborn
Yea, while I found all wisdom (being dead),
They grieved for me . . . I should have grieved for them.

"Unseen Wings" stays within the careful framework of the collector, and should be a rewarding volume for the meditative moment.

Select Seventy

THE NEW BRITISH POETS. Edited by Kenneth Rexroth. New York: New Directions. 312 pp. $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD EBERHART

THIS anthology attests to Kenneth Rexroth's love of poetry, his generosity toward poets, and his devotion to them. Thus there are seventy poets in the book. If we immediately say that there cannot be seventy good, or even presentable, "new" British poets, we have his sparkling introduction, thirty-one pages long, to carry us through the eddies of the literary currents.

The length of the introduction may have necessitated omission of a contents, which is unfortunate. The poets are listed but not the poems. There are biographical notes. If practically every poet gets a hearing, each also receives about the same number of poems. The anthology is thus a sort of on-shore wave of poetry, which, however, does not overwhelm the island.

The anthology is interesting as being almost opposite to the methods informing some anthologies, that is, strict limitation according to plan; exclusion by fiat; inclusion by critical perfectionism. It is thus a book to read in rather than to read through. It conduces to the notion that there is a great deal of good new British verse, but puts the onus on the reader to compose his own anthology of excellence within the reaches of the verse presented. It is a good kind of anthology to have, in its distinction from others.

As do all anthologists, Mr. Rexroth has slanted the work in the direction of his interests. He has pointed up certain phases of modern consciousness, and minimized others, which it is the interest of the reader to discover.

The book is knowledgeable and of general scope. Those who do not really like poetry can get a lively enjoyment from reading Mr. Rexroth's sinuous prose.

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Talking Through a Hood

MORRIS ERNST

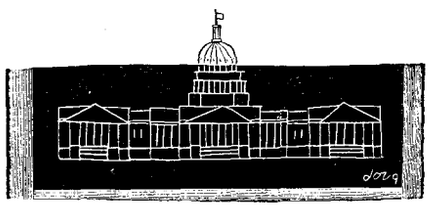
ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR., has contributed a major new bit to the current confusion of our thinking in "The Right to Loathsome Ideas" [*SRL* May 14]. In writing of the problem of the extent to which democratic society should give freedom to those whose purpose it is to destroy freedom, he concludes that "no university administration in its senses would knowingly hire a Communist any more than it would knowingly hire an anti-Semite or a Nazi . . . but once given academic tenure, none of these can properly be fired on the basis of beliefs alone short of clear and present danger." For the moment I am concerned not so much with his conclusion as with the path he traveled to reach it. This path, it seems to me, is filled with dangerous intellectual traps set by the Communist and Klan ideology. Indeed, Mr. Schlesinger has allowed himself to run afoul of one of these snares.

It is rewarding to take a look at the background of his ideas. The First Amendment to the Federal Constitution, which guarantees freedom of speech, it will be recalled, was originally conceived of as a "natural right" in order to protect the speaker. Yet more than a century after the acceptance of this concept it was upset by Justice Holmes, who spoke in terms of the right to "hear" rather than the right to "speak," the right to "learn" rather than the right to "teach." He ventured to suggest that the real purpose of free speech was to allow truth to win in the marketplace of ideas. At a time when the Supreme Court was ready to limit freedom of speech, Holmes put in his great caveat indicating that no speech be punished unless there be a "clear and present danger."

Justice Brandeis subsequently approached this problem from a different angle—and it is unimportant here to decide whether his approach was an addendum or a redefinition of Holmes's "clear and present danger" doctrine. In effect, Brandeis argued that consideration must be given to whether society had an opportunity to answer the so-called dangerous ideas. "Dangerous ideas" might be answered by other ideas—or if there was not enough time for this to be done, to protect itself the state could call in the cops.

It seems now pretty clear that we are facing the next stage in the formulation of our thinking about freedom of speech. We must be careful to draw a line between *secret* speech and *public* speech. Some of us may have learned that before Quisling took over or Masaryk took off, society never had an opportunity to apply a *clear* and *present* danger test, since the danger was never clear and since the very secrecy of the speech or plans created was the danger.

Surely the evil of Klan or Communist teachers may not be fully appraised without comprehending the problems implicit in *organizational* secrecy and its impact even on



avowed members of such organizations. Particularly in the field of education stealth may well create or be the "clear and present danger." Maybe individual or organizational stealth is the only danger. In our cooperative communal society adherence by pledge or oath to a secret organization may act as a disqualification for certain positions which no one can properly claim to hold as a legal right. Secrecy of membership in a hooded organization such as Klan or Communist, or even open membership in such hooded organization, is not without relevancy to the fitness of a person to hold office. Schlesinger indicates that no member of such a hooded organization should ever be appointed to teach in the schools but, having been appointed, such initial disqualification should not be raised. Schlesinger does not relate this estoppel distinction to the "clear and present danger theory," or justify it on any theory.

The importance of clarifying our thinking on this problem goes far beyond the limited question of *tenure* of office for teachers. Having watched with some care attacks on freedom of speech in the United States over the past third of a century I have come to the conclusion that I know of no single case where an attempt was made to limit *public* open speech of any person in this land whose cause I would not defend. In each case I have always felt that if the speech were open, society had an opportunity to answer by argument, and in any event even in the wartime cases I have felt that there never was a case where, if the speech was above board, that society did not have ample opportunity to protect itself by its police force. On the other hand, I am quite convinced that the First Amendment to the Constitution is now in real danger because of *secret* speech. Of course, I do not mean that secret speech should be made taboo or criminal, but I suggest that secret speech toward any illegal objective has, and should have no special protection derived from the Constitutional rights of free speech as set forth in our Bill of Rights. Secret speech in this sense, if engaged in toward a criminal end, should be analogized to the secret speech of bank robbers. As Schlesinger would admit, in cases of such speech toward an illegal object there is no right to use the defense of the "clear and present danger rule," nor is there any need for proof of an overt act. The slightest kind of move toward an illegal objective of robbing a bank, for example, is enough to procure a conviction of the bank robbers who have used secret speech in their conspiracy to overthrow the bank. The secret speech of monopolists engaged in an attempt to restrict the market invites impositions of the criminal law even though such speech has gone no further than mere words, since the mere potential of the power to commit the crime of restricting the market has been held sufficient to invoke the sanctions of the law.

I am fearful that the Schlesinger type of reasoning without giving consideration to the impacts of *secret* speech and *secret* behavior may becloud our general thinking on all free-speech cases.

The "clear and present danger rule" should not be related to stealth patterns, and hence, the employment or retention of Klan or Communist teachers must be validated, if at all, on other grounds—grounds which include a consideration of the use of secret speech and relationships to secret organizations in a society which is dedicated to defend open speech in an open marketplace of ideas. A teacher who is an undisclosed member of the Klan or a disclosed member of a secret Communist organization might well be disqualified even though there be no danger—other than that of the secrecy. Maybe pupils are entitled to learn from other than sneaks or cowards, or even members of organizations which through secrecy have subverted themselves. In a real sense "subvert" means to "turn under."

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Purge of Genetics in the Soviet Union

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The current issue of the* Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists *is a special number on "The Russian Purge of Genetics." The leading editorial of that issue seems to us to state the case for "scientific truth and freedom in our time" with such incisiveness and clarity that we have asked permission to republish it as a guest editorial in* SRL.

ONE realization, shared by most scientists, is etched particularly sharply in the minds of those who helped to develop the atomic bomb. This is the realization that mankind is endangered by the discrepancy between technological progress and the persistence of outworn patterns of social and political behavior. We believe—and this belief is the basis of all activities of the "atomic scientists"—that this conflict cannot be resolved without a more widespread knowledge of the facts and methods of science, and increased application of this knowledge in the formulation of national and international policies.

The Soviet purge of genetics is of deep concern to scientists everywhere and to the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* in particular, because it is an extreme expression of a development in the opposite direction—toward even greater disregard of scientific facts and methods, and subordination of science to political expediency.

Not so long ago science was thwarted and scientists persecuted because their conclusions contradicted the prevalent religious dogma. In the last 200 years science has gradually emancipated itself from this outside interference and established the right to be judged by no other but its own objective standards — reproducibility of observations, mathematical correctness and logical unity of interpretations, heuristic value of hypotheses, and the capacity of theories to predict the results of future observations. Remnants of dogmatic fundamentalism have survived—witness the opposition to evolutionary teachings in America—but these have generally been considered as anachronisms on the way out.

The supremacy of a racial, social, or economic dogma over the whole spiritual life of a nation, claimed by the modern totalitarian states, has created a new and ominous threat. It is not merely that the pursuit of science has been declared to derive its only justification from immediate benefits to society: "A science which fails to give practical workers confidence that they can achieve practical aims does not deserve to be called science," says Lysenko. It is not only that, in the secular revival of medieval religious dogmatism, scientists are not permitted to question the officially endorsed philosophy. What is novel and alarming is that science is not only restricted, but also perverted.

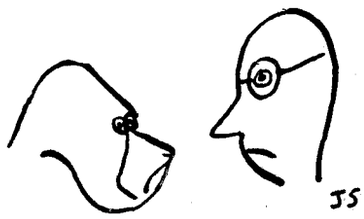
The correctness of a scientific theory is now adjudged by its readiness to give the answers desired by the political leadership. It may seem incredible, but the Soviet argument in the genetics controversy is as simple as this: The Communist state *needs* rapid transformation of plants and animals into more productive species or strains; dialectical materialism asserts—or can be made to assert—that this is possible; therefore, only a scientific theory which allows such transformations can be correct, and experimental evidence contradicting it is not worth consideration.

In his speech before the Peace Conference at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, Ferdinand Hercik, dean of the Natural Science School at Masaryk University, Brno, Czechoslovakia, said, "Every scientific work is the product of a social need. . . . Mechanistic biology . . . with its negation of the heredity of acquired characters, is in direct contradiction with the needs of the new social order." And Lysenko himself says that acquired characters *must* be inherited because this is "necessary" for the achievement of the aims of the Soviet system.

The dogma expressed by Hercik and Lysenko is now being ruthlessly imposed on the scientific life of a large part of the world. What we lament is not merely the brutal destruction of a flourishing branch of science, the interruption of the life work of a number of good scientists, the wrecking of their laboratories, and the uncertainty of their personal fate. The supreme misfortune is the reversion of a large part of Europe to prescientific dogmatism, at a time when the survival of our civilization requires universal readiness to abide by scientifically established facts, and to use objective scientific methods in dealing with the crucial problems of mankind—problems such as atomic energy control, the prevention of war, and the rational utilization of world resources.

The sad story of the "purge" of genetics in the Soviet Union holds many lessons for our own future. H. J. Muller, in discussing the events in Russia [*SRL* Dec. 11, 1948] has pointed out how little understood is the nature of science, and the climate of freedom this "tender plant" requires, even in the more enlightened Western democracies; and R. B. Goldschmidt has thoughtfully warned

Atomic Age Fables



XI. Up from the Ape

A PROFESSOR took an ape to his home and treated him like a man. The ape was free to wander about, to make friends with the family of the professor, and to eat at the same table with humans.

After ten years, the professor succeeded in teaching the ape to speak.

The ape's first words were:
"You are a fool."

The professor was shocked and said to the ape:

"Is this the gratitude which you have for me? After these years of teaching and training, you call me a fool. I have delivered you and saved you, and this is my reward."

"It is true," said the ape, "you have in these ten years treated me like a man. Indeed, I have stopped being an ape, but you have continued to be a man." —J. S.

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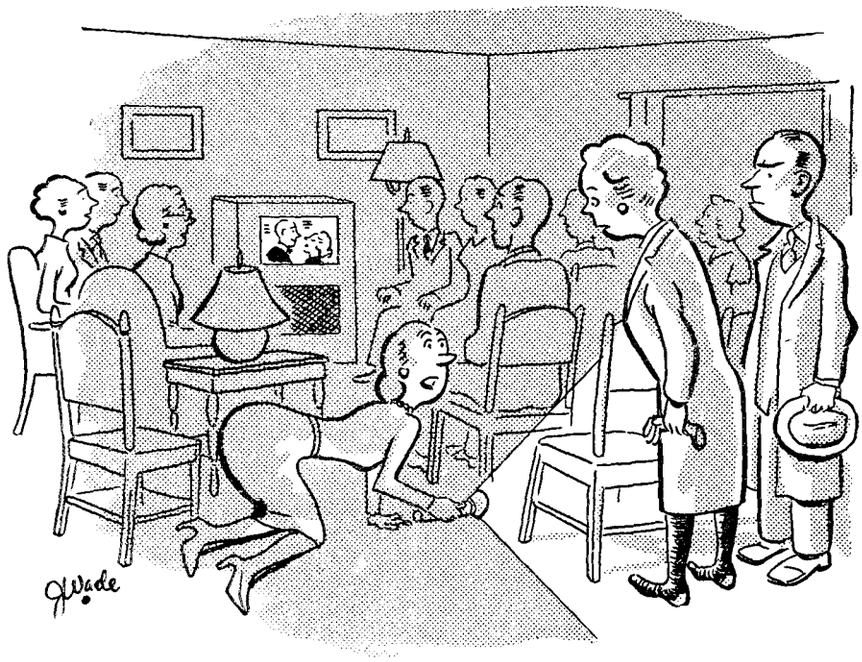
against the dangers to the scientific spirit inherent in the large-scale organization of American research during and after the war.

Another lesson of the purge which is worth pondering by American scientists is that science cannot remain permanently unfettered in a system which exercises strict control over other activities of the human mind—religion, philosophy, literature, art, social and economic research. For a long time, science has appeared as a happy island of free thought in the sea of Soviet regimentation. Not only was it supported on a scale which was the envy of many Western scientists, but, except for occasional incursions, it was left free to pursue its self-set aims according to its own rules.

The precariousness of this exceptional dispensation has now been clearly revealed by the bitter fate of Vavilov, Shmalgauzen, Orbeli, Dubinin, Zhebrak, and their colleagues.

We state here these lessons of the purge, not as our contribution to the "cold war," but to encourage a long-range perspective as to the consequences of "statism" for the free growth of science.

Western scientists must guard against all temptations to become a privileged minority, uninterested in the intellectual freedom of the rest of the nation. The Soviet experience shows that not only is it impossible for a single professional group to retain its individual rights when these are denied to other members of the same community; but that no special type of intellectual activity, the pursuit of scientific truth not excluded, can remain free from interference and perversion by a state which presumes to regulate thought and shackle expression in all the other fields of human endeavor.



"Are you sure this is where you were sitting, Mrs. Nettle?"

Bookmarks

HOW would a contrived "period" novel read if it were written today of today, stored in a tin box until 1999, and then published? Our guess is that readers would find it a confusing and largely incomprehensible performance. Perspective cannot be anticipated.

* * *

This department has always been coy about statistics, but once in a while a sedge of figures wings by that calls for the binoculars. *Publishers' Weekly,* in a survey of the 1948 book output, reports that fiction registered the greatest decrease among all categories—1,643 titles as against 1,966 in 1947, a drop of sixteen per cent. In 1947 fiction represented twenty-one per cent of book production; in 1948, seventeen per cent.

Of twenty-three standard book classifications, only six showed declines in total titles, and they made an odd sort of parade for fiction to be heading. Apart from fiction, these losses have little obvious significance. In second place is domestic economy, with a drop of eighteen titles, which, in our view, does not foreshadow a kitchen crisis. Philology is off seven titles, biography and business five each, and juveniles four. These are all of the categories which show declines.

"With publishers and public saying, in effect, down with fiction and up with fact," says *Publishers' Weekly,* "some categories show very large increases." Science is up 150 titles (thirty-four per cent), medicine 111 (also thirty-four per cent), history ninety (twenty-two per cent), the fine arts sixty-five (thirty-five per cent). Gains are not only impressive, but in impressive classifications. People are turning to books not so much for entertainment as for fact, opinion, interpretation, discussion, background, information—for comment and for news.

These statistics, it seems to us, bear out what was said two years ago in these pages by Robert S. Allen. In reviewing Tris Coffin's "Missouri Compromise" in *SRL* May 10, 1947, Mr. Allen declared:

> The most significant, coherent, and courageous journalism in the United States today is to be found between the covers of books. On every issue of vital moment to the nation, from municipal rule to atomic control, the ablest reporting, the most reliable information, and the soundest reasoning are on the pages of books. To an ominous degree only dimly realized, books have become our last truly free-press frontier. . . . Today, if a citizen wants to find out what is really going on in his home town, the country, or the world, he is forced to turn to books. It is only on pages between book covers that he can hope to obtain the whole and intelligible story.

The appositeness of those words has sharpened since they were written.

* * *

We were shocked to find that an upstart editor had mickeyfinned a hyphen into John Dos Passos's "The Grand Design": "A too youthful-looking sallow man." The same editor allowed a character to "eat a soda." Does one or doesn't one?

* * *

Despite their preoccupation with protruding tongues, contorted limbs, bugging eyes, and holes in foreheads, mystery-story writers actually move in the most orderly and best regulated of all possible worlds. Lawyers are always in, doctors are always available, suspects are always at home, and telephones always answer.

* * *

Whoever insists on writing "World War II" must, inevitably, always refer to the War of 1812 as Anglo-American War II.

* * *

Must iotas always come singly?

—J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Was Shakspere Shakespeare?

SIR: Bergen Evans's article ["Good Frend for Iesvs Sake Forbeare," *SRL* May 7] was a wonderful debunking of the Shakespeare debunkers. I class it with the piece done long ago by the late great John M. Manly, who besides being a Shakespeare scholar was an expert cryptogrammatist.

One of the Bacon-is-Shakespeare enthusiasts had applied his magic code to a passage from one of the plays and had come up with the Baconian title B-a-r-o-n V-e-r-u-l-a-n. Incontrovertible proof! Calmly applying the identical code to the Twenty-third Psalm, Dr. Manly uncovered its long-secret author—not David or Asaph or any other of the ancient singers, but W. S-h-a-k-s-p-e-r-e.

JOHN L. AYCOCK.

Evanston, Ill.

SIR: Let us end the dreary wrangling in your columns over who or what was Shakespeare with the true facts.

The works of "Shakespeare" were actually produced by the mind of Zzxxyt, a fifth-rate Martian poet of the XIV Dynasty of the Empire of Equatorial Canals. About 1500 A.D. he was engulfed by a wandering space warp, and set down on Terra, in England. Being unable to return to Mars, until the humans perfected space travel, out of sheer ennui he produced the works of "Shakespeare," "Webster," "Ford," "Jonson," "Spenser," "Lyly," "Marlowe," etc., etc.

It was simple for Zzxxyt to have these works published and produced as authentic productions of their supposed authors. He merely used the well-known Martian faculty of telehypnosis to implant the works in the minds of their putative authors.

Zzxxyt is still alive, and in residence at Glamis Castle. However, the climate of Terra, and the protracted delay in opening up interplanetary travel has embittered his never very equable temper. He now takes out his spite by telehypnosis of Eliot, Sartre, Kafka, Capote, *et al.*

G. F. FREUDENBERG.

San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: Why must those who maintain that the plays commonly attributed to Shakespeare were actually written by the man from Stratford always act as if any opinion to the contrary were either a personal affront or else the hysterical obsession of some crackpot? As Mr. Bergen Evans points out, more than 4,000 separate books and articles in six languages support other claims. Surely there must be strong evidence on this side to have caused such a furor. Such a fiery controversy can hardly burn where there is no fuel In the name of fair play give both sides equal and unbiased consideration!

MARCIA M. ROOF.

Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: Bergen Evans, when asked [*SRL* May 7] "how . . . could an uneducated provincial have ever acquired the universal knowledge" shown in Shakespeare, whips out, as a partial answer, "the writing of the plays" as "proof of his literacy." This method of proving the literacy of Shakespeare from his plays, in order to prove they *are* his plays, earns Bergen a large niche in the history of unnatural nonsense.

WILLIAM A. KLUTTS.

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: Since not a single one of my traditional opponents has shown any knowledge of the recently discovered historical facts indicating the Oxford authorship of the Shakespeare plays, let me state briefly the basic reasons for the Oxford cause that they may know what we are talking about. Space prevents documents, but the Shakespeare Fellowship can show proof of the truth of every one of these statements. I call them "The Oxford Primer."

1. It is unimaginable that the author of the immortal plays was not known for his literary genius by his contemporaries. Webbe, the anonymous author of "The Arte of English Poesie," Peacham, Day, and many others praised Edward de Vere, Seventeenth Earl of Oxford, for his creative "doings" in superlatives and accounted him a poet and dramatist of the highest order. He was an acknowledged leader in the literary life of the Shakesperean age. Many other veiled allusions to his genius, in the symbolic diction affected at the time, have been found in which Oxford is easily identified, notably in a contemporary description of the author of "Venus and Adonis" by Thos. Edwards in his "Narcissus" (1593).

2. The plays give *prima facie* evidence that the author was an aristocrat with a feudal point of view. Oxford was the premier Earl of the Realm, the head of one of the oldest families, the most loyal supporter of the Crown.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Will Caleb-Elzar win the princess? Where is the great ruby? And what of the slave dealer Druza? Better have me alive tomorrow, at the same time. . . ."

3. The author must have been familiar with the theatre. Oxford was supervising patron of several companies of actors performing Shakespearean plays. He was a lessee of Blackfriars' Theatre. He frequently acted himself in court masques and revels, and had a lifelong interest in the stage.

4. The author must have been well educated and had read widely. Oxford received degrees from both Oxford and Cambridge universities. He was a well-known patron of the arts. Golding was his uncle and Lyly his secretary. Of the "source books" which Shakespearean critics agree that the author must have read, Oxford is known to have owned at least a dozen. Several of these were dedicated to him, and records have been found of his purchase of the others. He is known to have read Latin easily and to have had considerable knowledge of French and Italian.

5. The author must have been well acquainted with court life and manners. Oxford, when twelve, became a Royal Ward, was brought up in the home of Lord Treasurer Burghley, and was for some years a favorite of Queen Elizabeth.

6. The author must have had a thorough knowledge of the law. Critics have found his technical phraseology accurate; and a great many of his figures of speech have reference to legal practice. Oxford studied some years at Gray's Inn and was familiar with the intricacies of the jurisprudence of the time.

7. The author must have had a personal knowledge of Italy, its topography and customs. Oxford traveled for over a year on the Continent, and spent several months in Italy.

8. The author must have been an expert sportsman, familiar with its slang, with a knowledge of music and botany. Oxford from his youth was

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experienced in falconry, and was the winning champion in at least two tournaments. He was a composer of music of professional skill. His home, while with Burghley, had the most complete botanical garden in Britain.

9. Oxford was known to his intimates as "Gentle Master William." He had a favorite estate in Warwickshire on the river Avon. His crest as Lord Bulbec was a lion shaking a broken spear.

10. The author must have had personal knowledge of war and of navigation. Oxford fought for some time in the Low Countries and, with Sussex, on the Scottish border. At his own expense he equipped a ship and fought it against the Spanish Armada.

11. The First Folio Shakespeare is dedicated to the Earls of Montgomery and of Pembroke. One became Oxford's son-in-law, and the other was at one time engaged to his other daughter. The Earl of Southampton, to whom "Venus and Adonis" was dedicated, had been strongly urged to marry Elizabeth Vere by Lord Burghley and others. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was given at Greenwich Palace in January 1595 in celebration of the marriage of Oxford's daughter Elizabeth to the Earl of Derby.

12. It was the custom of Elizabethan writers of noble birth to publish their works anonymously; but some, even clerics, used stooges whose names were put as authors on the title pages of the true authors' works. "And he that cannot write true English without the help of Clerkes of Parish Churches will need make himself the father of interludes." So says Greene in his "Farewell to Follie."

But Oxford had special personal reasons for desiring anonymity. He fell into disgrace through his love affair with Anne Vavasor; he dissipated an immense estate in bad investments and his maintenance of his theatrical companies, and became almost bankrupt; and he earned an unsavory reputation by preferring the companionship of writers and players to the artificiality of court life. He could not afford, while seeking a remunerative official position from Elizabeth, to acknowledge publicly that he was the author of plays revealing so many autobiographical secrets and ridiculing so many prominent personages.

13. Lastly, Charles Wisner Barrell has proved that three famous portraits of "Shakespeare," the Ashbourne and Janssen in the Folger Library at Washington and the Hampton Court portrait owned by the King of England, are all overpainted portraits of Edward De Vere, X-ray and infrared photographs showing that the original head and ruff have been redone and identifying details changed or obliterated.

14. An intimate connection has been definitely traced between members of Oxford's family surviving him and the accepted contemporary authority on "Shakespeare," Ben Jonson.

If we compare these facts with the complete lack of any similar contemporary certification of the Stratford Shakespeare's association with any literary activity, the logical conclusion is evident, *i.e.*, that Oxford used the name "Shakespeare" as a pseudonym. Not only did Shakespere possess *none* of these qualifications for authorship, but Oxford was the *only* Elizabethan writer who possessed them all. One of the happiest results of the scholarship and research that have been given to Oxford's life is the fact that a new and authentic chronology of the plays has proved that the so-called "crude" plays which Shakespeare has been supposed to rewrite and improve were actually pirated publications of memory versions of his own works, which rescues the author's name from the traditional charge of plagiarism.

Thus, in bringing to light the life, environment, and activities of Edward De Vere, a consummate genius who, though neglected and maligned heretofore by history, was the true leader of the British Renaissance, there has been revealed the man who, by all scientific standards, is the most logical and believable candidate for the authorship of the Shakespeare plays and sonnets.

GELETT BURGESS.

New York, N. Y.

Erratum

SIR: Mr. Harrison Smith [*SRL* May 21], in his editorial "Pulitzer Prizes for 1948," comments that "Few people will recall that last year the winner was Robert Lowell's 'Lord Weary's Castle,' of which little has since been heard." But should they recall it? Last year's winner of the poetry prize was "Age of Anxiety," by Wystan Hugh Auden.

EARLE F. WALBRIDGE.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Walbridge is correct. "Lord Weary's Castle" won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in* 1947.

"Time for Controversy"

SIR: May I congratulate you on the enlargement of your LETTERS column in the May 7 issue. Truly this is a time for controversy and the absence of local forums (old-time debating societies) makes the opportunity very satisfying to those thinkers who are not afraid to explore uncharted areas.

CHARLES M. CULP.

Seattle, Wash.

Nauseated by "Nauseous"

SIR: One of the minor crosses which any physician has to bear is the experience of hearing patient after patient say, "Doctor, I am nauseous," and refraining from the sometimes justified answer, "Madame, I agree with you." This particular mistake in usage can be forgiven the average layman with some effort on the part of the doctor, but it cannot be forgiven a journal such as yours. When I came across it in the third paragraph of the article "So You Were Going to Be Seasick" [*SRL* May 7] it almost had the disastrous effect of making the whole article nauseous to me.

If the distinction I am making is not clear to you, may I point out that "nauseous" implies the quality of inducing nausea and that the person or animal in whom this sensation is induced is nauseated.

DEBORAH C. LEARY, M. D.

New Haven, Conn.

Homosexual Minority

SIR: Your columns, which are liberally open for the frank and free discussion of current problems, have not up to now aired the problem of another minority which suffers from its position in society in somewhat the same way as the Jews and Negroes. I refer to homosexuals.

It seems to me that this problem cuts across the whole fabric of society: in my own limited experience I have known a brilliant university professor who was both Jewish and homosexual and an equally brilliant Negro Ph.D. student who was also homosexual. Both of these persons were agreeable and beneficial members of society, not because of but in spite of their homosexuality and the awareness of prejudice that they must have constantly felt. Even if they were careful to hide this idiosyncrasy —as the Negro could not hide the color of his skin—and thus encounter little active hostility directed against them personally, the awareness I refer to was always present in their consciousness, namely, that most members of society would condemn them once their secret was betrayed.

In connection with his part in the Leopold and Loeb case, Clarence Darrow remarked that man's greatest enemy is public opinion. He had particular reference to the cruel tendency of crowds to look for and even gloat over the revealed weaknesses of their more unfortunate fellow men. No one wishes to condone cruelty or crime committed by any emotionally warped youths—or older persons—but those people who pride themselves on being normal members of society should be brought to realize that they are assuming a grave responsibility in judging any of their fellows without thorough understanding of the complex forces which make one person function according to accepted human standards, and the next person not so function.

MARTIN S. CURTLER.

Pigeon Cove, Mass.

Loathsome Ideas

SIR: The real weakness of Professor Schlesinger's position ["The Right to Loathsome Ideas," *SRL* May 14] lies in his inability to understand the unique position of all teachers vis-à-vis the requirements of this profession and the service they perform for the society in which they teach.

I note his phrase, "all these men (Gundlach, Butterworth, and Phillips) are contemptible individuals who have deliberately lived a political lie." A

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teacher who is a proven liar is guilty of conduct unbecoming a teacher and should be removed from his position —all tenure systems make this specific provision—just as you would remove any proven liar from a position in which trustworthiness is essential. I catch again, "The important thing is to preserve the right of free discussion." A teacher who is proven to be a Communist does not know what free discussion is. His discussions—the choice of subject, its development, and his "reasoning"—are dictated, circumscribed, and predetermined. This man cannot, in even the narrowest sense of the word, teach. He should be removed even as you would remove a bank clerk who persisted in repeating and acting upon the dictate that two and two equals five.

I can see no reason why we should set the standards of behavior, ethics, and morals lower for our teachers than for other of our fellow citizens. Is it, perhaps, "academic freedom" that we are fearful of destroying? That very academic freedom for which any teacher worth his salt would fight to preserve is, in fact, prostituted and then destroyed by the Communist teacher. For, mind you, academic freedom is not the freedom of the Communist or any other teacher to lie, withhold the facts, tell half truths, and use fallacious reasoning to propagate his ideas. It is freedom to pursue his subject honestly, with all the facts before him that he can lay his hands upon, in the light of a constant search for the truth and with a decent respect for the mind and soul of his fellow men.

THOMAS E. COULTON,
Dean of Administration,
Brooklyn College.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: It is easy to agree with Mr. Schlesinger on the right to "hold loathsome ideas" as well as on the right to expose them. However, professors should not seem so eager to denounce these or any ideas. True scholarship might ask only for the opportunity to examine them.

However, if we grant him the right to denounce these ideas together with the affiliations which President Allen of the University of Washington apparently deplores, we should not let a professor, even at Harvard, go unbridled when he characterizes the three dismissed professors as "contemptible individuals. . . ." My brief but formal meeting with one of the three unfortunate men did not lead to the conclusion that all of them were "wretched nonentities." Neither does the carefully gathered testimony of their academic colleagues make them so. In his zeal to delineate a principle, Mr. Schlesinger's article seems to prove too much.

Also, a flippancy may have been coined but no layman is brought closer to the treasured principles of academic freedom when the Canwell Committee is characterized as a "crude road-company version. . . ." Mr. Schlesinger should know that professors must outflank ignorance and other major vices with factual analysis and not with name calling. All of us will serve the cause of human and of academic freedom to best advantage if we stick to principles.

JOHN A. KINNEMAN.

Normal, Ill.

FICTION

(Continued from page 12)

broken in spirit and in rank to cope with a world which he would have made. All of this tends to get a little out of hand at the end, and at the expense of the characterizations, which are, to say the least, somewhat diaphanous. As it is, the idea is still good, the title still tricky, and it has become increasingly clear that "Toasted English" would have benefited greatly by less exuberance and more watching of the toaster; for while it started out lightly enough, as might the muffin in the title, Miss Laski, probably while she was admiring herself in the mirror, let it get a little over-done.

Lost Individuals

THE FREEBOOTERS. By Robert Wernick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 238 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR C. FIELDS

WORLD WAR I is not exclusive in its claim to a lost generation; World War II, as seen in this novel by Robert Wernick, produced some fairly "lost" individuals, too. What else, for instance, would one call a young man, highly educated, well traveled, quick with rebuttal and witty remark, and yet, for all his information and skill and intelligence, a cynic, a scoffer, a man of no action except that which whims stir up with the speed of an auto crash? For this man is the narrator of the extremely well-written, brilliant, formless little book "The Freebooters." Set against a background of Army conniving and corruption, emphasized by the unrestraint characteristic of liberation, this genre of disillusioned souls is little different from the genuine article—The Lost Generation. Both drink their alcohol freely and ogle their girls; both find all roads leading to Nowhere. And yet it is only those on the outside who are disturbed by their hopeless attitude. Halfway through "The Freebooters" Dibby, one of the main characters, turns to the narrator and asks a question that must have been on many of the literary quizzes in World War I fiction: "What keeps you going, that's what I want to know?"

Whatever it is that motivates the narrator, he exerts a strange influence over other men. Throughout the book there is a feeling of debauchery bordering on the obscene. For way down, underneath the writing, there is an insidious tone, a hollow sickness, gay at times like wild moments of drunkenness, but unstable, empty, blurred, and mocking like some sort of macabre Punch and Judy show going on and on, to no purpose and no end.

This is no accident, happily. True enough. For Mr. Wernick is, at all times, in control of his material. He knows his characters and he manipulates his situations; he writes percussively, with a clean, forceful style that makes the reader sit up and take notice.

"The Freebooters" is a novel which centers around Task Force Sisyphus, a strange little Army organization whose function is never fully explained, but which has something to do with investigating traces of Fascism overlooked by the rest of the Army. The commanding officer of Sisyphus is an opportunist colonel who is occasionally struck with twinges of conscience which demand self-justification. His major passes for an old Army man and winds up as the hard and corrupt commandant of a prison stockade. The captain of Sisyphus is a confused, unhappy little man whose overwhelming sense of responsibility is finally released in death.

But these three are as nothing compared to John Black, Dibby, and the narrator of the book. John Black is a colored soldier who is greatly impressed with the narrator's advice: "We have to have the courage of living through our lives, our own lives." But living through one's own life is not enough to change the hue of one's skin. Black's few months with Sisyphus provide him with unexpected happiness. He falls in love with a French war widow and is all ready to get married. But just then the true bitterness returns to the book and Black's fate is nailed fast in a fight with two MP's and he is ticketed for Leavenworth.

Dibby ("Honest to God, tell me the truth, do you think Sex is the most important thing in life?") is completely a creature of action—"things happening with a boom and a bang . . . and if there's any wreckage someone else has to clear it up." He is wild, unpredictable, full of talk and fury; his movement through the book is like a whirlwind, always disturbing, sweeping all aside in his furious haste and undirected energy.

The third main character is the narrator, whose ideas and bitterness dominate "The Freebooters," curdling it into a hard, hopeless little novel, a challenge of cynicism which must be met if we are to contribute anything more than negativism to our lives. As the narrator says: "This is not the time for the formal precision of tragedies."

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Delinquent Lumps?

ANGELS CAMP. By Ray Morrison. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 263 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT MENDE

TOUGH kids are not just spit, smoke, and smack. Tough kids are kids. In Ray Morrison's "Angels Camp," a novel on juvenile delinquency, there's a basic contradiction.

Here is the story of Leo Zubiat. He's sixteen, rough, mean, and brutal. He was picked up in Los Angeles while jack-rolling a lush and sentenced to Camp Mathews. Camp Mathews was something new to Leo. There were no walls or fences, no guards or punishments. It was an angels' camp. But there was something in Leo Zubiat that made walls where there were no walls. He kept wanting to run away. A counselor at the camp, Mr. Grozier, searched for the hidden Zubiat. He wanted to know in effect: What makes Leo run?

Like many other novelists dealing with juvenile delinquency, Mr. Morrison takes the short cut—the half picture. He views the crimes, the moral corruption, the violence, and brutality; but he neglects to give us one very important factor. It's this particular factor which gives the problem its logical and emotional importance. This factor is simple and obvious. It's known to everyone. But for a writer to create it in a novel is a difficult task. Mr. Morrison fails to realize the fact that tough kids are kids. They're children and have the needs of children. They're not just a delinquent lump.

Somewhere in their growing their needs become frustrated and twisted. The immediate society in which a human being is raised offers many patterns of living. Why a child chooses one particular pattern instead of any one of many others is a complicated process. To explain away the causes of delinquency in Leo Zubiat as Mr. Morrison does by merely stating that Leo's father was a convict and that Leo swiped stuff with a gang when he was very young shows a lack of understanding on the author's part.

Anyone raised in a slum area and familiar with tenement gangs knows that petty swiping goes on all the time. But that doesn't mean that each child who lifts some fruit or some article from a five-and-ten-cent store grows up to become a criminal. It's the personality of the child, molded by the many forces which he brings to these experiences that makes him react the way he does, grow the way he does. To pass over superficially the causes of juvenile delinquency in a novel dealing specifically with the rehabilitation of a delinquent is a major fault.

On the whole, "Angels Camp" reads easily. The author's use of terms like "queer," "fruit," and so on, without arranging them in context so readers unfamiliar with rough pieces of living can interpret their meanings makes for unnecessary confusion. It's to Mr. Morrison's credit that he points out again—in much the same manner as many other novelists have pointed out—the miserable conditions under which these kids are imprisoned. His plea for an institution like Camp Mathews to help rehabilitate these children is very commendable. But it's Mr. Morrison's emphasis on the brutal and violent, and his neglect of looking more deeply into the essential character of his children that places his novel in the same class as a Hollywood thriller-diller. It's full of sound and fury signifying very little.

Ray Morrison—"emphasis on the brutal and violent."

Gerald Butler "should let his characters do a little more slugging."

Tough & Significant

SLIPPERY HITCH. By Gerald Butler. New York: Rinehart & Co. 245 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by MERLE MILLER

GERALD BUTLER used to write real tough books; although he's an Englishman, he was more like James M. Cain than Mr. Cain—at least the Mr. Cain who wrote "The Moth." Butler more nearly resembled the Cain whose postman always rang a couple of times and who kept babies in the ice box. In both "Kiss the Blood Off My Hands" and "Mad with Much Heart," there was just about every violence imaginable, and suspense, too, lots of suspense, plus a few murders and man hunts and sluggings and narrow escapes and, naturally, a love story. And it was all quite nastily wonderful.

But something's happened to Mr. Butler. Maybe it was what Hollywood did to "Kiss the Blood, etc." Hollywood didn't do right by him. True, they gave him Joan Fontaine and Burt Lancaster, but there was lots of supposedly deep gibberish thrown in, the significance of which escaped both me and, apparently, the movie audiences, although the latter appear to have gone elsewhere when that particular movie was in the neighborhood.

"Slippery Hitch" does start out with a slugging. Johnny, the hero (for the purpose of identification only) knocks down a dame on the very first page; she happens to be coming around a corner while the hero and his brother are making their getaway; the brother has just thrown a rock into a jewelry store window and removed a diamond ring. The brother, Harry, is a pretty odd type anyway; he's a veteran, as is the hero, and in a PW camp has become psychotic; he likes to do things he shouldn't, which include a large area of human activity. The reasons for his mental upset are obscure, although Mr. Butler alludes to them frequently. A competent analyst might get it, but I didn't.

Anyway, Johnny, who's never slugged a dame before (he's a gentle sort), has to look her up, dangerous as that might seem; as any child over the age of three and a half months might anticipate, they fall in love, and, as the slightly more adult reader might guess (those aged around five, say) she eventually meets the brother, who wants her all to himself and, failing that, has some rather gruesome plans in mind.

All ends happily enough, except

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for Harry, who should have been locked up all along anyway and for whom nobody, with the exception of Johnny, weeps many tears. He doesn't appear to have been much of a guy even before the prisoner of war camp.

This slight performance, without a single surprise in its entirety, goes on for almost 250 pages. I think Mr. Butler might have eked an acceptable slick story out of his material but a novel, no. A "tough" writer doesn't have to be significant (better if he isn't, as Mr. Cain may now have learned), and he should never be dull. In his next book Mr. Butler should let his characters do a little more slugging and, if necessary, murdering, but they should lay off the thinking. None of them is exactly Phi Beta Kappa material anyway.

Sugar and Spite

THE CAUTIOUS HUSBAND. By Virginia Evans. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 213 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE

IT ALWAYS seems a little curious and sad that the exponents of world peace and universal brotherhood should so often be regional-minded in the narrowest possible sense. Why expect nations to live in harmony when sectional antagonism rages between North and South, East and West?

The amount of corrosive, acid hatred expended upon the Middle West by Caroline Andrews, a native of Washington, D. C., and heroine of "The Cautious Husband," is discouraging to contemplate in a self-labeled liberal. Her surface dimensions are modern, but her internal conflicts are mid-Victorian, stemming from Eve.

Virginia Evans has written the story of a young couple living in a veterans' village. Caroline's husband, Lloyd, attends law classes at Western University. Caroline is a thoroughly irritating female, but Lloyd is even more trying in his own way. One of his obsessions is to change his clothes seven times a day and he has other peculiarities that ought to interest a psychiatrist. If the Andrews union is to be taken as a typical postwar marriage, the rising divorce rate is explained.

Caroline and Lloyd make a go of it, however, and their gradual adjustment is convincingly worked out. Mrs. Evans sketches in her background of veterans and their families lightly and the problems confronting her main characters are those developed by early marriage in any environment. The youth of the couple asks for sympathy, but one regrets that they're not fundamentally more likable.

The heroine is presented as an intellectual prig, incredibly vain of her taste in music, literature, even recipes and politics. Unaware that sloppy housekeeping as the badge of the educated woman went out with Browning clubs, Caroline takes pride in her unwashed windows and self-consciously adds sherry to her dinner soups. She despises her Middle West in-laws for criticisms of minorities that she must have heard repeated a thousand times in the city of her birth. At the end, stripped of her pretensions, she acknowledges to herself that her husband is both sensitive and intelligent; that she is not and never will be a musician, and that she is, in effect, like the women she has patronized. Unfortunately, having lived with the old Caroline for twenty-four chapters, it is difficult to believe in the stability of the new.

On the other hand, Lloyd is so regulated by his strange system of rules that his tenderness, his breadth of vision, and depth of love, qualities which the reader is supposed to perceive in advance of his wife, are equally difficult to accept.

Mrs. Evans in her first novel is committed to detail. We know the brand names of every item her young people use, from Lloyd's after-shaving lotion to the frozen peas Caroline cooks; from her electric mixer, the alarm clock, and the magazines read by her in-laws (non-literary) to the newspaper she reads (national circulation) and the make of the family car. The emphasis has the insistence of a drum-beat, but there is no danger of forgetting that it all adds up to Time: the present.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Frost: "Mending Wall." 2. Longfellow: "Hymn to the Night." 3. Keats: "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer." 4. De la Mare: "Silver." 5. Burns: "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton." 6. Milton: "L'Allegro." 7. Holmes: "My Aunt." 8. Gray: "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." 9. Shakespeare: Sonnet XXX. 10. Coleridge: "Kubla Khan." 11. Amy Lowell: "Opal." 12. Wordsworth: "The Solitary Reaper." 13. Shelley: "To a Skylark." 14. Sandburg: "Prayers of Steel." 15. Whittie: "Skipper Ireson's Ride." 16. T. S. Eliot: "The Hippopotamus." 17. Browning: "Cavalier Tunes." 18. Poe: "Ulalume." 19. Housman: "Reveille." 20. Noyes: "The Highwayman."

Fiction Notes

THE SPHERE, by Ramón J. Sender. Hellman, Williams. $3. Mr. Sender takes us on a perilous voyage. A shipload of loony fugitives from Old World evil embarks for America. The crossing is rough. Those on board become increasingly mad. Murder, perversions, and a variety of torture relieve the storm-tossed days. Shipwreck finally does them in, all utterly confused on all counts. There is a heady, *fleur de mal* quality in this, an irresistible power, and an undulating prose rhythm. Humor pierces the gloom, too, as the passenger list narrows down to "Mr. What," "Professor However," and "Mr. Cash." A talking dog and a deaf mute who communicates by means of his stomach round out the crew. There are almost too many jagged facets to this problem. Settle for sensation rather than solution.

JACOB'S LADDER, by Bradford K. Daniels. Bruce Humphries. $3. There's a wideness in Mr. Daniels's nameless valley that manages to vault the towering granite height known to the natives as "Jacob's Ladder." Here the going is simple. Puritanism sets the code. Laxity has no place nor has dishonesty or extravagance. Labor and love, marriage, birth, and death are recorded. Not much else is expected to happen. That evil intrudes into this calico Eden only proves that progress is not to be denied and even symbols of stone are destructible.

A young girl, impregnated and deserted by a foreign artist, drives her spinster cousin to the distracted belief that she, too, is with child. Her madness is only matched by her father's murder of a visiting capitalist who has envisioned the land as a commercial summer resort. These boundaries obviously should have been respected. The world has no real bearing on this place. Mr. Daniels allows us to leaf through it as we would through someone else's family album. The effect is remote, of the past, unreal and impersonal. Somehow none of it is our concern.

MY HEART SHALL NOT FEAR, by Josephine Lawrence. Whittlesey House. $2.75. Miss Lawrence reminds us, if we needed reminding, that living is a frightening business. She shows us fear, not on a large scale, but as it touches the humdrum pattern of existence in one middle-class family. Worries torment, anxieties almost destroy, ills beset, and unhappiness plagues each and every one. The picture is gloomy indeed. By the time the simple adages "don't let life scare

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"On Lost Gloves."

you" and "face up to life" have established a desired *modus vivendi*, the reader is already desolate. The unsure, the dreaded, and the patently sentimental have taken their toll. A long-term desperation has set in.

Babies are born with no security, vibrant young women are fatally smitten down too soon, the aged languish in institutions, while the middle years stretch into an endless chasm of drudging and scrimping and trying to save. A soap-opera contribution to the contemporary campaign of fear. Guaranteed to tug at tear-ducts and heartstrings. Hits shamelessly below the belt.

HOME, SWEET HOME!, by Barrie Stavis. Sheridan House. $2.75. Put down this erring effort among the problems presented by the housing shortage. Mr. Stavis has probed the situation in what purported to be hilarious detail. The result is hectically unfunny, often tasteless, and consistently heavy-handed. It is a pity, too, because through the maze of grotesque incidents his home-seeking couple appear to be really deserving.

But, oh, they do become embroiled in forced madness! A male brassiere manufacturer, a happy madam in scarlet surroundings, a crafty ghoul of a cut-rate mortician, a religious fanatic, and several other variously engaged eccentrics make up the roster of characters. Everything happens, including birth in a hearse with loudspeakers attached ready for the coast-to-coast reception of baby's first cry. That may give you some idea. There is much more of the same.

MOBTOWN CLIPPER, by S. S. Rabl. Cornell Maritime Press. $3. A toast to the gallant ship *Chasseur*, pride of Baltimore, mother of all clippers. Salute to Eduardo Chavez, the daft dreamer who built her, who sailed her against the British in 1812, and who went down with her plying the China trade. The logbook is open and the sails are stiff in a spanking breeze of wind. Mr. Rabl charts the course, spinning his yarn in his own way.

His way is studded with exclamation points, swamped with cut-and-dried statements of fact, but he loves the sea and he loves this craft. That adoration only can explain his determination to set down his research in print.

THE KING'S PLEASURE, by Jean Plaidy. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. Bluff King Hal gets bluffer, the vixen Anne Boleyn grows more of a vixen as the years pass and the literary output on their romance increases. It is a time-honored affair not to be approached dully nor, alas, with discovery. The same questions remain unanswered; the same shock and, at the last, the same sadness remain. It's a tale of terror with an exaggerated premium on power. The text of not wanting what you want when you get it points the tragedy for Henry and hapless Nan. Jean Plaidy feels Anne never loved her King and submits accusations of incestuous relationship with her brother at her trial. Otherwise it is the familiar tale told with question, exclamations, thigh-slappings, and timely trappings. Readable, coarse, and moving as the case history itself cannot fail to be.

IT WON'T BE FLOWERS, by Elizabeth Berridge. Simon & Schuster. $2.75. Or "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street Shows Her Medals." Never has the Bank of England, with a big, big "B," assumed such ominous proportions. No doubt free lunches are served, hospitalization carried, and old-age pensions guaranteed, but it weaves a web enmeshing its employees morally, physically, and spiritually. The tentacles are total.

Three young girls work here. One, beautiful, chic, and morally negligent, attempts escape via the world of sin, wandering from lover to lover, career to career, getting her picture in shiny weeklies and incidentally ridding herself of an unwanted baby in a most peculiarly inconvenient fashion. Another rebels against the system only tentatively, finally settling for it and a slightly questionable relationship with her lady boss. The third dwindles into matrimony only to sacrifice her sister to behind-the-counter pursuits. No one is ever actually free. The fault lies not in the Labor Government but in ourselves that we are enslaved.

THE WHITE FOUNTAIN, by Mildred McNaughton. Doubleday. $3. Miss McNaughton imbues life on an African farm with a richness that makes for readability. If her sense of color fails to please, her sense of the sinister surely will hold attention. The fecund land beckons exotically, while drama spends itself in full-bodied passions. Things happen in a big way. Diamond mines yield gigantic gems. Drought threatens untold acres of fruit. An insanely ignited fire destroys whole plantations, causing the death of an exquisite Malay and the suicide of her bestially guilty husband. But disaster proves to be purgation. A beneficial reshuffling of affiliations results from the ordeal by flame.

Harsh words for Jan Smuts, a dim view of British imperialism, and an arrogant attitude toward "outlanders" yield to a final blending of the insular with the universal. Lush, eventful, frankly melodramatic.

SONG OF THE SUSQUEHANNA, by Herbert E. Stover. Dodd, Mead $2.75. Herbert Stover is proudly Pennsylvanian. Born and bred in the central section of our Keystone State, he is entrenched, enthralled, and enchanted with local lore. It is a narrow range of interest, but he manages to make the most of it.

Combing the hills and valleys from Lancaster to Ligonier, Harris Ferry to Philadelphia and Carlisle during the Colonial Indian War period, young Peter Grove fights the good fight, lending an authentic virility to history. Tribes cry havoc, the French and English battle for control, while sturdy German descendants settle savages' hash on their native soil. Mistaken identity, misunderstood love, and several forays of a tavern type add episode to the near-guidebook narrative. Probably limited in interest to other Pennsylvanians.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

TIP-TOEING THROUGH THE EDELWEISS

WITH ropes, pitons, and crampons we picked our way up to the Oak Room of the Plaza Hotel the other day to have a talk with the man responsible for the 300,000 vacations taken by GI's in the mountain fastnesses of Switzerland. He turned out to be Florian Niederer, a compact gentleman of medium height with black and gray hair combed straight back on top and tufted on the sides. On the day we saw him Mr. Niederer was dressed, precise as a Swiss watch, in brown suit, brown striped shirt, brown polka dot tie, and brown polka dot handkerchief. He spoke quite precisely too, using a mental index full of epigrams, and an accent that you would call "European," being neither French, German, nor Italian. Rather like Ezio Pinza's.

Mr. Niederer had arrived at the Plaza at the conclusion of a 24,000-mile tour through thirty-three cities of the United States taken on behalf of what he called the Swiss Kilroy Club. The club, Mr. Niederer explained, will be an organization composed of ex-Army men who took furloughs in Switzerland during the war. Members and their families will be eligible for low-cost tours through Switzerland and other European countries planned like the U.S. Army Swiss tours that cost soldiers $35 for a seven-day, all-inclusive, escorted trip.

"Any travel agent offering a seven-day Swiss tour for $35 would have gone broke," Niederer says. "We felt that in this small way we could appreciate the efforts of the GI, let him know that we felt he also had been fighting for Switzerland."

As one of the directors of the Swiss National Tourist Office, Niederer met with U.S. Army officials immediately after the cessation of European hostilities. "Gentlemen," he recalls telling the Army brass at their first meeting to organize the leave center, "I'm speaking for every darn thing that moves in the Land of William Tell."

The Army's first question was "How many battalions of MP's do you want stationed in Switzerland?" "I got on my feet and said, 'Gentlemen, an old philosopher named Emerson once said, "Trust men and they will be true to you." We want no MP's.' "

Niederer leaned back in his chair, and took a swallow of a Scotch and soda. "This peaceful invasion of 300,000 soldiers," he said, "was marked by a total of seventeen cases of serious misbehavior." He shrugged. "This is nothing. I spoke to one of the seventeen cases. It was a sergeant who stole a Patek Philippe watch. He told me, 'I have been in many jails, but this Swiss jail is by far the best I've ever been in.' " Niederer smiled like a New Yorker showing the Empire State Building to his cousin from Beaver City, Neb.

"We Swiss pride ourselves on hospitality," he told us. "Every porter, every chambermaid was so kind to the GI's—they found themselves in front of so much friendliness they couldn't misbehave."

Niederer thinks the American soldier's wartime introduction to Switzerland is one of the best advertisements his country ever had. "We now have an army of 300,000 agent provocateurs. They remember our friendliness, our cleanliness, and our cheese fondue. They remember *butter roesti*, potatoes fried in Alpine butter. They remember that our Swiss beer is creamier and more mellow. Maybe they remember all the fruit we had. I know I was sending bananas by the bunch to the American generals in Frankfort."

Of the GI landslide Niederer has some memories of his own. Soldiers sorely limited by currency restrictions were simultaneously sorely tempted by displays of Swiss watches, wood carvings, sweet Swiss chocolate, music boxes, and Alpenstocks.

Florian Niederer—"I speak for everything that moves in the land of William Tell."

"I suddenly remember an invasion of Parker 51's," Niederer recalls. In the village of Einseilden, in front of a thousand-year-old abbey the GI's set up a black market. At 4.25 Swiss francs to the dollar, Parker 51's were going for thirty francs, GI trousers at forty francs, GI underwear, American cosmetics, and chewing gum, at whatever they would bring.

About a year after the soldiers went home Niederer began to receive letters from veterans inquiring about a return trip to Switzerland. The number of inquiries increased to such an extent that Niederer says, "I felt an avalanche behind my back." To demonstrate he leaned forward and hit his kidneys with the back of his hands. "I said to myself, 'Florian, What are you going to do for your GI children?' "

With his GI children in mind Florian came to the U.S., and began poking around the Pentagon. "Having been a merchant of happiness for them, I wondered if the Army would give me moral support." He got a letter and a blessing from the chief of Special Services, who referred him to the commander of the American Legion. With the Legion's support, and his own mailing list of 150,000 of the GI's who took the Swiss Tour, he expects the Swiss Kilroy Club to be a going concern by next spring. Niederer figures that if only five per cent of the Swiss GI alumni show an interest for a trip to Europe next year he will have 15,000 prospects. If each takes a companion, he'll have 30,000 prospects and a strong bargaining point to charter his own ship at a greatly reduced rate.

Spreading his arms grandly he says, "The Central Office for U.S. Army Tours in Bern will, like a phoenix, come out of the ashes. You'll be able to buy a Kilroy tour in Tennessee, a Kilroy tour in San Francisco. Major Jimmy Cauliflower of Chattanooga," he says, letting the T's stick on his palette, "will be able to say, 'I'll do the same tour—B-46—as I did in September 1945. I'll stay in the same hotel in Room 184, where I was looking at four in the morning at the Jungfrau.' "

Although Switzerland is taking no benefits under ECA, Niederer feels his Kilroys will probably visit an average of two other countries besides Switzerland when they come to Europe. "This relieves the taxpayer. Let's not lend and lease—let the Americans come with tourist dollars."

Raising a forefinger as a signal that words of wisdom were about to flow, Niederer said, "The motto of the Kilroy Club is 'The world is a book; the man who stays home reads only one

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page.'" As a man who has read many pages, Chief Kilroy Niederer was on his way home with many a prize yarn about his thirty-three-city American junket. "I will have the honor to tell them at home that in Detroit I consumed the world's largest hot dog. My God, it looked like a suspension bridge." —HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

THE BLUE GUIDE TO SWITZERLAND, edited by L. Russell Muirhead. Rand McNally. $7.50. The old-style traveler who liked to measure each mountain as he toiled it will get infinite pleasure and infinite statistics from this revision of the famous guide series. The 473 pages are fraught with folded color plates and text that reads like this:

> Charming views of Montreux and the lake appear, now on the left, now on the right, as the line zigzags up the slope.—2¾ m. Chernex (1,989 ft.; Pens. Alexandra). 4½ m. Chamby (2,467 ft.; Hot. des Narcisses, R. & B 6. . . . .

For details this first revision (two more are coming) makes a fine encyclopedia. Anybody buying it for reading matter will find it as eye-opening as three Nembutals.

HI, STRANGER! by Arthur Carhart. Ziff, Davis. $3. Billed as "The Complete Guide to Dude Ranches," Mr. Carhart's book is more of a treatise on how to behave in the cow country. He advises on the clothes to buy, on the types and mannerisms of the hoss, on the saddle, bridle, and bit to use, and how you should behave on the trail. If you plan to get that ambitious, there is word on pack trips, camping out, and how to find yourself after you're lost. He has included a lexicon of terms in case someone tells you to "rattle your hocks over to the maniac wagon." I looked in vain for a directory of ranches, but

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there is at least advice on how to pick the place that will best suit your personality and pocket.

HOW TO KNOW AND ENJOY NEW YORK, by Carl Maas. New American Library. 35¢. By June New York will be jammed with the annual summer pilgrimage of displaced Americans to their largest city. If most of them don't have a copy of this thin volume, the Bureau of Missing Persons will be working overtime. In 143 small pages Mr. Maas crams all you need to know about New York—from Sammy's Bowery Follies to the "21." The intelligence includes what to eat and where to eat it, where to find a celebrity or a jam session, how to get tickets for a radio broadcast, and where to find announcements about experimental theatres. It also tells, what New Yorkers themselves might like to know—how to determine the location of a building from an avenue address. Mr. Maas, in short, has provided the key to the city, and in turn he deserves it.

THE VALLEY ROAD, by Fay Ingalls. World. $4. The valley road leads to the Homestead, the famed old Southern resort hotel in Virginia Hot Springs. As president of the Homestead Company and an author-columnist, Mr. Ingalls writes the history of the American spa which has relieved the aches and pains of Presidents from Thomas Jefferson to Franklin Roosevelt.

M. E. Ingalls, Fay's father, came into ownership of the Homestead in the 1800's and Fay grew up there. He remembers the time the Chinese minister in mandarin robes, high on champagne, ended a party by singing "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" in squeaky Chinese. He recalls how Ambassador Hirosi Saito, of Japan, used to start golf on the eighth green to avoid paying the green fees. A larger Jap invasion visited the Homestead in World War II, when the enemy diplomats were interned in splendor at the resort. Finally after Ingalls pulled a few Congressional strings they were removed, and the Homestead wired its guests, "The Japs are gone and spring is here."

The Film Forum

THE AMERICAN WAY — ***The Saturday Review's* Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

PRODUCTIVITY—KEY TO PLENTY
Sponsored by the Twentieth Century Fund. Produced jointly by Encyclopedia Britannica Films and the Fund. Available from EB Films, Wilmette, Ill., or nearest local outlet. (20 mins.)

Let us say right away that as a piece of film making this is by far the best production to date of EBF. Gone are the static camera set-ups, the uninspired animation, the wooden commentaries, and faintly tinkling music which for so long have been features of EB classroom films. Someone seems to have gone through the production department with a new broom. The result is a film that moves, that holds the attention, and eloquently speaks its piece.

But what has it to say? Simply that America excels the world in industrial productivity—that the man-hour of work which produced 27¢ worth of goods in 1850 produces $1.40 worth of goods today, when the different value of money has been allowed for. Moreover, while an English worker is earning five loaves of bread, our worker earns over seven; while a Frenchman earns one pair of shoes, an American earns almost four pairs. How has this been accomplished? By the increasing use of machinery.

This simple and obvious truth, made familiar already by a thousand reiterations until it is now our most popular myth, is practically all that the film has to say. True, it says it again and again in many different ways, sometimes factually, sometimes lyrically, sometimes statistically; but it does not advance by one iota our real understanding of the superiority of American productivity. Did it first come about because the Industrial Revolution started later in America than in Europe, enabling American manufacturers to avoid much costly experiment (*e.g.* the first locomotives were imported ready built from England in the 1840's, just as the first jet engines were imported from England in the 1940's)? Was it because there was a greater opportunity to start new companies in a land where corporate development was less rigid? Or because finance capital was easier to come by? Or because labor was cheaper and more adaptable, having cast itself loose from its old ties in the process of immigration? Or because, since the Civil War, wars have made America more prosperous, but have impoverished her competitors?

All these and many other reasons could be advanced, but not one is mentioned in this film. The machine is accepted as a benevolent miracle, and a miracle which is peculiarly American. If this were all, the film would simply be insignificant. But in fact it has many elements of danger. It steadily builds up the idea that material prosperity is the only important thing in life. Starting with a panorama of the ice-box civilization, it creates the impression that here our ambitions should start and finish. "Want music?" the narrator asks, and quickly supplies the answer. "Put some records on a machine; put on several. The machine's automatic; it will do the changing." But it will also save hands from learning to play the piano, save bodies the toil of going to a concert, save minds the exhilaration and exhaustion of creative effort. And it is notable that the film consistently disparages those skills of hand and eye upon which not only the arts, but many of the sciences and technology itself, depend in the last analysis.

The same technocratic approach leads to such unqualified statements as, "If we want more income, more jobs, more leisure, we must see to it that nothing stands in the way of technological progress." And here we see a shot of the cotton-picking machine which has already raised grave problems of unemployment in the South. There is no mention of human welfare, or of broader aims than those of a machine society. In fact, there is even an implicit denial of the right to strike. Nothing must stand in the way—! This is a film which lends itself to use in bad company, such as that of the Harding College films reviewed May 7.

To these criticisms, and others that space alone excludes, the sponsor makes one simple answer: the film lasts only twenty minutes, and in twenty minutes it is impossible to say everything. It seems to us, however, that length and balance have little to do with one another. A film of a minute's duration might be a thoroughly fair statement, while a film an hour long might be completely unbalanced. In fact, the producers of "Productivity" seem to have had their doubts, for they have now added a silent title at the start to the effect that the film "does not deal with the values of mind, of morals, and spirit which give depth and meaning to man's existence." We do not think, however, that a single silent title can possibly counteract the effect of a powerful film.

The Twentieth Century Fund has a great and deserved reputation for enlightened economic and social thinking; EB Films is likewise respected for its honest statements of fact. We think that they should withdraw this film, revise it, and reissue it as a much more powerful statement of the contribution of productivity to the deep moral and spiritual forces which go to make up the American way of life.

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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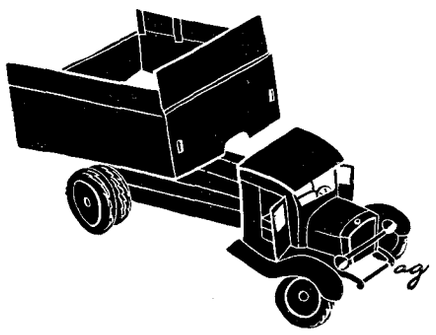
Economics. *Three recently published economics books deal with some of the most pressing social problems of our time. "In too many everyday matters," it seems to John Maurice Clark, one of the leading American economists, "a man is a member of some economic group first and an American afterwards." The task produced by this situation—that of creating among Americans patterns of socially responsible behavior—was the subject of Professor Clark's book "Alternative to Serfdom," published last year. His "Guideposts in Time of Change" (see below) continues and amplifies that discussion. . . . An equally important problem on another level is that of fitting the right job to the right man and keeping them congenial. The first two reports on the Yale University Labor and Management Center's continuing effort to solve that conundrum—"Workers Wanted" and "Job Horizons"—are also reviewed.*

Ideology of the Active Middle

GUIDEPOSTS IN TIME OF CHANGE. By John Maurice Clark. New York: Harper & Bros. 210 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ASHER BRYNES



THIS is the down-to-brass-tacks supplement to Professor Clark's "Alternative to Serfdom," which appeared last year. Both books deserve the serious consideration of everyone who wants to know what an intermediary program in politics, economics, and much else is like. If you think a mediating position between the various extremes of social and economic theorizing that bedevil us today is a quiet dodge, read Professor Clark. He balances so many antithetical points of view that one must be an athletic reader to follow his progress, but he certainly is our most able exponent of what I would call "the ideology of the active middle."

What that means, as set forth here, may be briefly though it cannot in the nature of things be exactly stated. After 1776, the year of the American Revolution *and* the publication of Adam Smith's "The Wealth of Nations," we deluded ourselves with the notion that a free and progressive society could be organized by permitting free play to the forces of the market. In so doing we thought it possible to create a human community by relying on a mechanical device. We not only assumed that unlimited competition would lead to a harmonization of the variant interests of buyers and sellers; we also assumed that our other interests, our social and moral and religious interests, would be satisfied simultaneously in the highest attainable degree.

However, the goods we exchanged in the market were, as they still are, purely material goods; and the quantitative maximization of such goods (we shall see in a moment that Professor Clark does not altogether concede even that much to the credit of our erstwhile market economy) is irrelevant to the satisfaction of other needs, as outlined above. Consequently the neglect of those needs has brought us to the edge of chaos. We find ourselves divided in economic groups. We are now partially collectivized, that is, we are organized as farmers, workers, or businessmen; and if the clash of such pressure groups is not somehow limited their struggles will tear the nation apart. We may have little to fear from Communism at home, but we have much to beware of it abroad. So long as we remain divided we are in extreme peril. We must proceed forthwith to constitute ourselves a national community.

How? That is a question Professor Clark cannot answer explicitly because he holds strongly to the belief that we must accept these struggling groups as they are, or are likely to become in the near future, and make the best compromise of their real though divergent interests that we can manage; it is impossible, he insists, to turn back the clock of history. It is significant, therefore, that he finds it necessary to return again and again to a destructive criticism of the old free-market economy. Despite the efforts of these groups there must be more life in it than we imagined.

In "Alternative to Serfdom" he said that the market cannot organize, that in fact it never has organized any economic community on a basis of consent, as embodied in the act of free exchange, because the most important things are not bought and sold. This is reported here with additional elaboration. "Private enterprise limits the supply of goods to what can be sold at profitable prices; raising the difficult question how far this is an expression of unavoidable natural limits on supply, and how far it results from institutions that might be changed." The market economy not only neglects everything that cannot be appraised at a cash valuation; it is also inefficient in its own proper sphere.

These are grave charges, but Professor Clark goes on to add a third which is apparently decisive. "The offerings of the market affect standards of taste, morals, and culture, for better or worse; it seems on the whole easier for the market to profit by debasing these standards than by raising them." The intrinsic values of free enterprise (as a system for producing merely material goods) are of secondary importance, and the extrinsic values fostered by it are negative. He then concludes that the market should be limited whenever the exigencies of pacification among our warring pressure groups may require us to do so.

This sounds fine. However, as Charles Horton Cooley—the man on whose criticism of the market Professor Clark builds his argument, and to whom "Alternative to Serfdom" is dedicated—remarked: the group disciplines its members, but who will discipline the group?

If it be said that preferences expressed by a show of hands are more valid than preferences indicated by purchases in the market, one can appeal to common experience. Do you ponder, reflect, yes, worry as much about the disposition of your vote as about the disposal of your income? Furthermore, if you wished with all your might to proceed with the same care in making political choices, could you do so? Can anybody touch, taste, weigh, or smell a policy or a candidate for political leadership? And still further (and most importantly), are you likely to act as intelligently in choosing anything for which the payment—assessments or taxes, let us say—is deferred until after you have chosen, as in cases where you must pay on the nail in order to have any choice at all?

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How Men Are Hired

WORKERS WANTED: A Study of Employers' Hiring Policies, Preferences, and Practices. By E. William Noland and E. Wight Bakke. New York: Harper & Bros. 233 *pp.* $3.

JOB HORIZONS: A Study of Job Satisfaction and Labor Mobility. By Lloyd G. Reynolds and Joseph Shister. The same. 102 *pp.* $2.25.

Reviewed by HERBERT R. NORTHRUP

THESE two books represent the first fruits of the investigations of how men are employed which is currently being made by the Labor and Management Center of Yale University. Noland and Bakke studied employers' hiring policies, preferences, and practices in New Haven, Connecticut, and Charlotte, N. C. Reynolds and Shister examined the "labor market of a medium-sized New England manufacturing center" in order to discover "the patterns of labor mobility, the wage structure of the area, the relations between mobility and wage structure, and the attitudes and practices of workers and employers which account for the observed results." Both studies are based upon extensive interviews with employers, workers, and union officials.

Noting that in twentieth-century America four out of five persons are employees, and therefore these four can only find employment if the fifth person "considers he can use their contributions to his own advantage," Noland and Bakke attempted to discover what this fifth person—the employer—wants in an employee. In general, their findings are neither startling nor encouraging. As a rule, employers want competent, steady, intelligent, alert, honest, imaginative, energetic, and self-reliant workers. Unfortunately, they are very likely to believe that the attitudes are most likely possessed by white, Christian Americans who attend church. Noland and Bakke found many variations, of course, and this summary does not do justice to the opinions of many employers. The study makes quite clear, however, that irrelevant characteristics figure strongly in employer selection of manpower.

Noland and Bakke are most interesting when they analyze the motivations of employers. Among other factors, they note that employers strive to reduce the risks of business. This involves doing as little as possible to upset the *status quo* in the shop if things are running smoothly. And one way to keep things running smoothly, employers believe, is to maintain a homogenous work force according to custom. If, for example, Negroes are employed, custom decrees that they shall be utilized in unskilled jobs where they are not considered a threat, and hence will not be upsetting, to the white workers.

Another reason why employers fear to alter the status quo is that socially they are members of a group which includes other employers who might disapprove of variation from the accepted pattern. Fear of such disapproval by social companions is always a strong factor in presenting "odd" behavior.

Of course, in the long run, the decision to employ "like" people may yield the opposite of the peace and calm desired by employers. By refusing "unlike" persons the opportunity to demonstrate their capacities, employers can destroy the community solidarity which they deem essential to conduct their business. Such hiring policies also invite the government to step in and to reduce employer prerogatives. Four states, for example, have already established fair employment practice commissions. Present employer policies will probably encourage this trend.

Looking at the employment problem from the workers' side, Reynolds and Shister reveal the facts behind the quest of a job. The average worker obtains his first job more or less by accident. Usually, it is a blind-alley occupation from which he presently escapes. Generally, he quits one job which is unsatisfactory before he takes another. When unemployed, he accepts the first satisfactory job, not the best available, mainly because he has no way of canvassing all prospects. And he depends much more on word of mouth and information from his union than on either public or private employment agencies.

When a worker is employed, he ranks working conditions (seniority, pleasantness of the job, agreeableness of supervision) as extremely important job attributes. Union members tend to regard union membership as a real asset.

When the worker is unemployed, however, he is likely to judge a new job almost solely on the basis of the wage rate. And that makes sense. For anyone who has ever worked in a plant knows that it is impossible to judge working conditions from the outside looking in. You have to be there to know how conditions really are.

Workers make one possible exception to this rule. Union men generally try to seek work in unionized shops, believing that the union will tend to insure reasonable conditions. Even here, however, variation in working conditions is expected to some extent, and the wage is usually given prime consideration.

The Yale Labor and Management Center terms these books "preliminary reports." In many ways they are much more, for they are aiding the development of a realistic theory of how men seek and find jobs. In so doing, they help to explain to layman and social scientist alike what the motivations are which guide the employer and the worker.

Herbert R. Northrup teaches industrial relations at Columbia University's New York School of Social Work.

Death of the Old Man

By Joseph Joel Keith

PEACE has settled like a warm cat in the lap.
The old man's gone and there is no complaint,
no old fist pounded, no loud voice shouting doom
making a battlefield of the peaceful room.
Now every sound is a sound of mute and saint.

Peace is lilacs; and the old pipe's fading smoke.
The old man's gone; no papers mar the floor.
I sit with friends, and the quiet hour is spent,
soft as a zither, without bass argument
by one gone now, too long the visitor.

Peace is waking in the silent house; no voice
shouts high alarm at seven; morning's old
when youth walks slowly down the quiet stair,
and no one shouts hello and no one's there;
then even summer's youthful blood runs cold.

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IT'S THE ENGLISH IN US

(Continued from page 8)

Woodrow Wilson in 1914 sincerely believed that neutrality, not only in deed, but in word and thought, was the right course for the United States to pursue. There is abundant evidence that he made desperate efforts to pursue it. He was not English; he was of a Scottish family that had lived for generations in Ireland. He was not an enthusiast, but an historian, trained in critical examination of evidence. He was not a traditionalist; on the contrary, ever since he attacked the eating clubs at Princeton, before he entered politics, he had been known as a great iconoclast. So when the First World War broke, for a time he could hold aloof, but that was the utmost of which he was capable. It was as impossible for him to accept the German concept of the all-inclusive state as it was for him to change the color of his eyes. All the weight of English tradition was against it, and in the end it thrust him, as well as the great mass of his fellow-citizens, into the English side of the fight.

PRESIDENT of the United States or patrolman pounding a beat, all Americans are under the pressure of that tradition and are shaped and moulded by it. Americans of the first generation are probably more acutely conscious of it than those of the tenth; but they are all moved by it. Some rejoice in it and some, as far as their rational processes go, resist it; but it exists and there is no understanding America without taking it into account. Nor should anyone think he has taken account of it when he attributes it to some slight and transitory cause—bribery or threats or snobbery or deceit.

It is a curious fact that some of the people who have most completely misunderstood the nature of this influence have been visiting Englishmen. They make the mistake of assuming that the force whose existence they recognize has its source in the organized state named England, which is the capital and nerve-center of the British Empire; and when they discover that American enthusiasm for that state is, in fact, quite languid, they are puzzled and sometimes exasperated. In the other direction, German observers, including diplomatic agents, observing this lack of enthusiasm for the government of the Crown, have twice mistaken it for a deep anti-English feeling, and twice the mistake has led to the ruin of Germany.

The England that still holds a powerful grip upon the thoughts and acts of the American people, including those of non-English origin, is nothing definable in materialistic terms. It is a story, partly history, partly legend, largely poetry and drama. It is the struggle of a thousand years through which the common Englishman was transformed from the crook-backed serf who was sold with the land into the labor leader who stands before the King as his Prime Minister and whose will the King cannot gainsay.

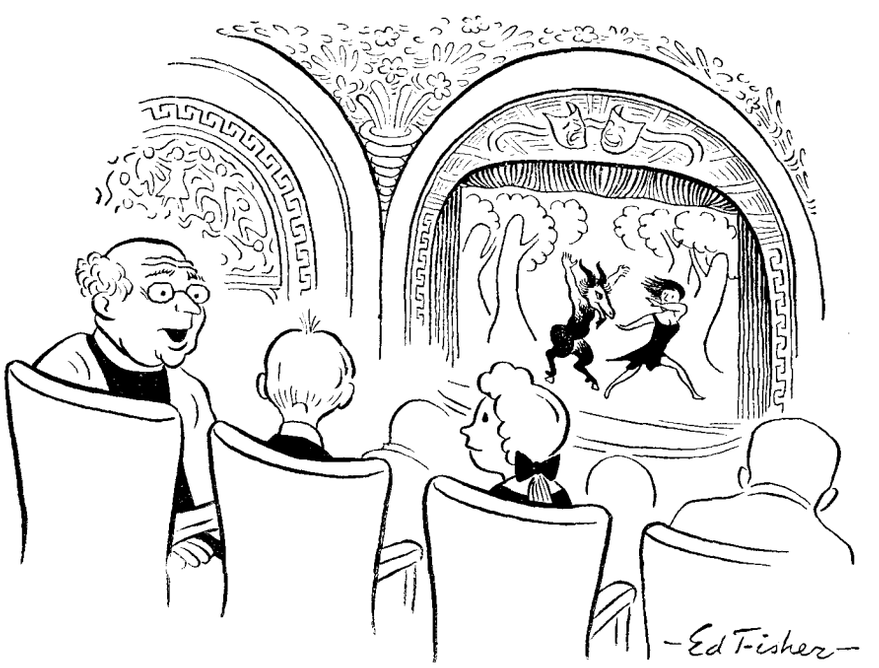
The never-ending struggle has always and everywhere the same objective. It is simply to place the common man in a position where he may call his soul his own. But while the struggle is the same, it has been carried on against opponents of various types at various times and in various places. Autocrats, theocrats, aristocrats, plutocrats have fought it and demagogues have betrayed it, so the story is never exactly the same in any two nations.

One of the conspicuous characteristics of the English version is gradualism. In England there have been no such sudden surges forward as were represented by the French and Russian revolutions, not any such backward thrust as the Thirty Years' War in Germany, or the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in France. The English story is bloody enough, but the blood has usually been shed drop by drop, rather than in torrents. As a rule English martyrs to liberty met death singly. As a rule, liberty advanced in England step by step and not in leaps and bounds.

This gradualism is so conspicuously a part of the American story that, although we have been under democratic rule continuously for a longer period than any other great nation, we are at this moment politically the most conservative of the great nations. We have outdone the English themselves in the matter of proceeding with caution.

PERHAPS because the enlargement of English liberty proceeded for a thousand years so slowly that the effect of one step could be measured before the next was taken, it has developed in the nation a strong belief in fair play. In politics fair play is justifiable only on the theory that the opposition may be partly right. That idea is utterly rejected by partisan campaigners, as the assailants of every strong President abundantly prove, but it has never been abandoned by the mass of the voters, who have always taken fervid partisans somewhat humorously.

It must never be forgotten that what is now the United States remained part of the realm of the English King through the 170 critical years that saw the transition of the monarchy from Tudor to Hanover. These years included the English Civil War with all the tremendous emphasis it laid upon the dignity of the individual. They included a vast amount of experimentation and cogitation in government; and they included also the discovery, in the course of this experimentation, that no political reform is ever exactly



"The meaning of the ballet is—ah—vague at this point."

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right. Reformers, being human, invariably either overshoot or undershoot the mark, which means that the initial success must always be followed by precise adjustments to correct errors.

This knowledge was not passed on to the Americans. It was acquired by them along with the English when they were still a part of the English political system. But it is part of the influence that the English have exerted upon American life. Upon it is based the American principle that the ballot as a political instrument is always preferable to the bullet, because your opponent of today may be a useful supporter tomorrow, if he is alive, but can be of no possible further use once he is dead.

THE American valuation of the capable man also has in it more of English tradition than we sometimes think. We like to believe, and Frederick Jackson Turner and his followers have strengthened the belief, that the frontier, not the English, taught us that skill and energy yield precedence only to honesty among the human qualities that command respect; and we have not always given first place even to honesty.

But the idea had begun to permeate English society as far back as the reign of Elizabeth. The seaman Francis Drake was knighted by a Queen who coolly ignored the scions of many noble houses. He had skill and energy, so he became Sir Francis while barons' sons went untitled.

With such an idea in their heads the English settlers could find a certain reasonableness in the granite law of the frontier that crushed all but the able in body and mind; and finding it not without reason could adapt themselves to it with better grace than men trained in the belief that there was a certain divinity in blue blood for which ability was no equivalent. From this it was a short step to the theory that a combination of brains and character constitutes the only genuine superiority, which theory is the foundation of democracy.

Finally, "a nation of shopkeepers" unquestionably had something to do with implanting in us the belief that the producer and trader is the true conquistador. This inheritance has its sordid side, as no candid man can deny. We have never been able to make a clear distinction between the commercial instinct and the acquisitive instinct, so we have failed many times to differentiate the man who makes money from the man who grabs money. The result is that over and over again we have followed the leadership of Gadarene swine who repeatedly—as in 1873 and in 1893 and in 1929—"ran violently down a steep place into the sea . . . and were choked."

But civilization has made a step forward in any community when it makes up its collective mind that the way to deal with an intruding stranger is to cheat him and not to shoot him. Civilization has made not a step but a long stride forward when it is decided to make a fair deal with the stranger. A fair deal presupposes a profit at both ends; and while it is true of late years that there are extremists who equate "profit motive" with all evil, it is nevertheless much preferable to the homicidal motive. The English taught us to exalt the trader, and while it is a teaching not without flaws it has unquestionably tended to soften manners and restrain manslaughter. Incidentally, it has built up an economic power that is now the most formidable in existence.

Locke's empiricism, Hobbs's materialism, and Spencer's eclecticism are elements of English philosophy that have agitated American schools and still furnish matter for gentle and joyous debate among the learned doctors. But most of the people never heard of any of them, and if they heard would promptly forget. The English philosophy that still sways the thoughts and acts of the millions who never saw the inside of a college is none of these. It is English faith in gradualism linked with compromise, English faith in ability as at least equal to heredity, and English faith in commerce as a better instrument of conquest than war.

The pattern that the English set is not perfect. In many ways it has proved to be so imperfect that it had to be abandoned and a new pattern devised. Many English ideas have given way to ideas brought from some other country because the non-English idea was superior.

England probably never sent more than four or five millions of her people to this country; other countries have sent more than thirty millions; yet the English pattern survives. It is true that the English, coming first, multiplied so prodigiously that the millions pouring in later could not overwhelm them. Nevertheless, the impact of thirty million aliens is a terrific test of any culture. The English pattern had to be good, very good, to survive that test. It is hard to think of any other except the Chinese that has stood up under an equivalent strain, and the eventual triumph of Chinese culture was very much slower. The English pattern in America has not been subverted even temporarily. Many times its end has been announced, but the announcement has always been premature.

It is possible that it is nearing its end now. It is being assailed with tremendous vigor by what is probably the oldest concept of government in existence. This is what we are in the habit of calling the Fascist-Communist concept, or totalitarianism. But only the name is new; totalitarianism is simply despotism "writ large." The despot may claim his authority by the grace of God, or by the grace of "the leadership principle," or by the grace of the proletariat, but he is a despot still. He has had more names than Proteus had shapes, but only one nature. As Nero he was not essentially different from Genghis, as Caligula he was basically Hitler, and as Attila, as Abdul, as Bonaparte, as

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE LEATHER DUKE *Frank Gruber* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Book salesmen Fletcher and Cragg, broke as usual, hitch stars to Chicago leather factory, find embarreled corpse—and fun begins.	Close to, if not best, Fletcher-Cragg story to date. Hair-triggered action by hare-brained duo keeps things moving *presto.*	Extra good tough 'un
WHERE THE SNOW WAS RED *Hugh Pentecost* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Vermont village murders of returning war hero and local lush unobtrusively solved by small, gray, visiting psychiatrist John Smith.	Background, characters, crimes, suspense, sleuth, and build-up entirely satisfactory. Payoff, while no letdown, may irritate tender sensibilities.	Above average
ROGUES COAT *Theodora Du Bois* (Crime Club: $2.25)	Florida Keys scene of much violent action involving valuable shells, torrent of gems, tough characters, and anomalous hero.	Swiftly-paced thriller with hard-bitten cast of bad actors whose activities are curbed, and gal won, by doughty Czech protagonist.	Exciting

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Franco, and as Stalin he is recognizably the same.

In spite of its multitude of intricate, interwoven figures and its bewildering variety of colors, the pattern that the English set is in its main outlines a simple one. It seems complicated only because there is movement in it. Time being one of its dimensions, it alters from day to day, and thereby confuses observers whose perception is slow.

It is the figure of the stooping serf, himself a part of the real estate, straightening, slowly standing up, raising his eyes from the clod to the plant, to the flower, to the furrow and then the field beyond, at last to the face of the King. In the panel being woven now he stands erect and eyes the King with level gaze, and the King cannot gainsay him.

What is the next panel to be? It is a question not to be addressed to the English, for although they gave us the outline they are no longer weaving the web. Their responsibility ended with their dominance, many generations ago, and the pattern henceforth must be American. Others have contributed to it colors and figures unknown to the English, and the artistry, or lack of it, of Americans as a nation will be proved by their capacity to make these new contributions enrich the original design without obliterating its masterly strokes.

We have no lack of pessimists who are certain that the work is beyond us. The development, they say, has come to its logical conclusion, the wheel has made its full turn, and retrogression is all that may be expected. The next panel that comes from the loom of Time, they prophesy, will show the level-eyed citizen beginning to quail before the glare of a dictator, beginning to stoop again, and to sink his gaze toward the earth.

Others say no, that the pattern set by the English, far from having run out, is only now ready for its development with richer fabrics, more gorgeous hues and more daring designs than its originators ever possessed. Weavers as industrious and skilful as their fathers, and far more splendidly endowed, will carry the moving figure on, and the man who is the center of the picture little by little will raise his eyes from the face of the Ruler and turn them toward the stars.

But that is for the future to reveal. That, as the yarn-spinners like to say when they don't know what comes next, is another story.

This essay by Gerald W. Johnson, former editorial writer for The Baltimore Sun, *is drawn from his "Our English Heritage," to be published in August by the J. B. Lippincott Co.*

NEW EDITIONS

THE success that was denied Herman Melville when he produced his masterpiece, "Moby Dick," is now—almost a century late—his in full measure. Biographers, critics, and editors, having staked out their Melvillian claims, are working them with zeal and ingenuity. New editions of his writings multiply, and if the fact that he was a strangely flawed genius does not enhance his value in the eyes of ordinary readers, it obviously increases his fascination for literary and psychological investigators. Three recent volumes give a good idea of the kind of scholarly attention that is being devoted to him. Two of these—"Pierre" ($5), edited by Henry A. Murray, and "Piazza Tales" ($3.50), edited by Egbert S. Oliver,—belong to the edition of Melville's complete works which is being published by Hendricks House-Farrar Straus; while the third, "The Complete Stories of Herman Melville" (Random House, $4), edited by Jay Leyda, holds the half dozen "Piazza Tales" along with all of their author's other completed sketches and short stories; some of which show him in an uncommonly genial and slippered mood. In each of these volumes we have a carefully edited text, preceded by an authoritative introduction and followed by learned notes; but it is safe to say, without injustice to Mr. Oliver or Mr. Leyda, that Dr. Murray's edition of "Pierre" is by far the most interesting of the Melville trio.

This is because Dr. Murray, who is a practising psychologist, has given us a remarkably fine ninety-page introduction, in which he has brought "a little knowledge of unconscious mental processes to bear upon the interpretation of Melville's less obvious meanings, of a few of the mystical, of the emotionally illogical, and of the truth-bejuggling parts of his book." "Pierre" is one of the great freaks and failures of literature. It is also a challenging mystery, for it is hard to understand how it could have come from the pen which, triumphantly, had just written "Moby Dick." Dr. Murray explores Melville's intentions and frankly exposes the botch which was made of them. He explains the novel in psychological and mythological terms, looks into its autobiographical elements, notes the romantic sources from which much of it stemmed, winces at its worst magniloquence, underlines the incredibility of all but one of its principal characters, points out the obstacles to a modern reader's involvement in the action, agrees with S. Foster Damon that incest "is the secret of the whole moral knot" of the story, examines its archetypal situations, emphasizes the "blighting consequences" of "puritanical repression and Manichaean disparagement of instinct in 'Pierre'," and hails Melville as a depth psychologist who "belongs with Dostoievsky and Nietzsche," as an explorer of the mind's Darkest Africa, and as a notable precursor of Freud and Jung. In short, Dr. Murray has given us a most valuable study of a "literary monster." But a rereading of "Pierre" confirms me in the opinion that, however interesting it may be as a case history, it is largely worthless as a work of imaginative fiction.

Melville's tales and sketches, too, are sometimes more interesting as windows through which we glimpse the writer's psyche than as works of literary art. Most successful are the sketches which compose "The Encantadas." But Melville's shorter fiction—including the teasing "Bartleby" and the gripping "Benito Cereno"—has, I think, been somewhat overestimated by its admirers.

KAREL CAPEK'S "Three Novels" (A. A. Wyn, $3.75)—"Hordubal," "Meteor," and "An Ordinary Life"—are all concerned with the mystery and plurality of human personality. When we begin "Hordubal" we think we are in for a simple, realistic story; but as we proceed we discover that the extraordinary Czech writer was a no less remarkable depth psychologist than Melville, and a far more disciplined artist. Briefly, but vigorously, I recommend these highly original novels to all readers who care for the craft and truth of fiction.

Macmillan's reissue of the Garnett translations of Dostoievsky continues with "The Gambler" and "The Friend of the Family" ($2.50 each). These volumes also contain "Poor People," "The Landlady," and "Nyetochka Nyezvanov." Those who have not met Antonida Vassilyevna, in "The Gambler," should seek out that formidable old lady without delay...Henry Williamson's enchanting "Tarka the Otter"—peerless in its field—is back in print (Dutton, $3)....Notable Mentor Book: Schlesinger's "The Age of Jackson" (35¢).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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the Phoenix Nest

GENESIS

". . . and man became a living soul."
—Genesis.
"To trust the soul's invincible surmise."
—Santayana.

FREE spirit, indwell;
Revelation, arise
Through each bodily cell
To the eloquent eyes;

Ere that surmise die
In miasmas of earth,
Answer, "Here am I!
Here is light, here is mirth,

Here are jubilance and praise
Finding time a river
Where the Ancient of Days
Gathers youth forever;

Nor believe it of chance,
This evocative thing
That the bones can dance,
That the blood can sing,

But the substantive
In electron and star,
By which all things live,
Through which all things are!"

—W. R. B.

* * *

I am glad to print the following from Harriet Bross Nemeth, of the *Asbury Park* (N. J.) *Press:*

> I was interested in the letter sent you recently about the poetry program "Arrows in the Air." I too have a literary program Sundays from 5:30-5:45 over WJLK in Asbury Park. I do not confine it just to poets, however, but welcome other writers also. The "Book Reporter" program, as it is called, has been in effect since February 1, 1948.
>
> Among the writers I've had on as guests have been André Tellier, author of "Twilight Men"; Lois Pemberton, of "The Stork Didn't Bring You"; Anna Mary Wells, Inner Sanctum writer; Jack Iams, mystery writer; Katharyn Wolcott and Norma Keating, poets; Keith Robertson and Marguerite de Angeli, authors of juveniles; Lionel Goitein, author of "Art and the Unconscious"; William Klenke, writer of twenty-five books in the manual arts field; Theodore Sturgeon, science fiction author; Albert Mayer, historical fiction writer. Three artists have assisted me in reviewing art books: Raymond Brossard, Percy Couse, and Worth Ellsworth. Elizabeth Woodburn, garden-book expert, was guest in a discussion of garden books, and Ted Smits, general sports editor of the Associated Press, aided in reviewing Woodward's "Sports Page."
>
> I'd appreciate this opportunity to welcome other writers to get in touch with me in care of the *Asbury Park Press* if they'd like to appear on my program and discuss their books.

And Mary Adair Brown of Shreveport, La., favors me with the subjoined:

> This letter will serve as an announcement of the publication of a new literary magazine, *The Centenary Review*, which will make its appearance on the stands about the middle of May.
>
> It is published by the *Venture* group, which has as its headquarters Centenary College of Louisiana; the group is one of young writers possessing similarity in literary ideals and principles.
>
> National names will contribute to the magazine; other contributions will be from members of the *Venture* group, itself, and those submitted by other writers.
>
> Cleanth Brooks, author of "The Well Wrought Urn"; James Aswell, author of "The Midsummer Fires"; Ada Jack Carver, remembered for her stories which ran in *Harper's* for so long and her memorable one-act play "The Cajun"; Hodding Carter, Pulitzer Prize winner in 1946, will head the first (summer) issue of the review. Other contributors—members of the *Venture* group—will be Charles Raines, Albert Paris Leary (editor), Evan Campbell, Mary Jane Callahan, and others.

* * *

THE DUMMIES

According to psychiatrists,
The loudest voice that now exists,
Is that of the ventriloquists,
Orating from subconscious mists.

As long as we're suppressionists,
We give the ego certain twists;
We speak like true distortionists
And men become misanthropists.

While we remain enigmatists
And ignorant symbologists,
We're garbled conversationalists
Who should employ cryptologists.

We're garrulous somniloquists
And impotent soliloquists.

—Jane M. Stern.

* * *

DAY OF THE CEDAR WAXWINGS

It was a gold-green afternoon that it happened, and everything was touched with a soft green-gold light that actually shimmered and even sang. At least that is how I remember it: that, and something else it is hard to put into words. There are those rare days, or perhaps they occur often and it is we who are not aware of them, when everything stands out in sharp outline, intensified, italicized, when it only takes some new experience to bring it into focus, not only to our eyes, but so that we can see and feel and absorb with every cell in our being. What brought this day into focus was the birds . . . the cedar waxwings. If we hadn't come upon them as we did, it might still have been a golden-green day in early April, with the sky looking down into the cool green mirror of grass, and the air full of little gold flecks of light. But the birds crystalized it into something memorable, unforgettable.

We stood there quietly, on a soft cushion of grass, scarcely daring to breathe, and then we saw them. It was as if the old apple tree, with its gnarled bare branches, had suddenly burst into leaf, only the leaves were alive, vibrant, quivering, the pale, sleek dove-brown feathers of the cedar waxwings. They seemed to claim the tree as they claimed the spring, becoming part of it while it became inextricably a part of them. Between the birds and the tree . . . between the tree and ourselves . . . between us and the soft, wet grass, there flowed a single unity of belonging, of being, an "at-oneness" with spring and earth and time and everything alive, seen and unseen, a sort of rapport that rose above and sank beneath kind or species. Small green balls that would some day be apples dangled from the branches, and as the waxwings shook the tree the fruit swayed back and forth, like bells. The whole tree was filled with a kind of undulating motion, and yet there was a sense of serene calm. We tried to count the birds, the sleek, pale feathers spread among the twisting branches, their small crested heads poised in the still light, the pale gold sun filtering through the tree into golden pools about our feet. There were at least fifty of them, probably more. They seemed to have come out of nowhere, to have descended from the very sky. We were only a few feet away from the road, yet we were in a completely remote world comprised of birds and spring and grass and sun, and a sprawling apple tree quivering with the lisping of the waxwings and shaking with the soft flutter of wings. In my memory I shall always recall it as the day of the cedar waxwings.

—Mae Winkler Goodman.

* * *

—William Rose Benét.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
STRAUSS: SALOME, FINAL SCENE. Ljuba Welitch; Met. Opera Orch., Reiner. Columbia MX 316 (4) *LP*: ML 2048 (1)	Columbia's latest recording, only a few weeks old. Change in policy here—instead of usual close-up, voice is at stage distance. Good.	Welitch seems the coming greatest voice; this is a stunning performance. Unfailingly beautiful tone, accurate pitch. Music is stirringly morbid.
LISZT: ORPHEUS. Royal Philharmonic Orch., Beecham. RCA Victor DM 1295 (2) *(no album)*	Good, full-bodied British recording; subdued high end (in U. S. pressing) is not unsuited to the lyric music.	This tone poem is corny in its moods, but the lyric craftsmanship behind it makes the music grow on rehearing.
RAVEL: TZIGANE (1924). Zino Francescatti, vl., Artur Balsam, pf. Columbia 72771-D (1) *LP*: 3-114 (1 7″)	More of the fine (presumably artificial) "echo" that is effective in recent Columbia violin recordings. Fiddle sounds big, full.	A strange half-caste, much of it violin alone, moody, improvisatory, darkly gypsy. F's performance not entirely happy.
MOZART: CONCERTO FOR FLUTE AND HARP IN C, K. 299. René LeRoy, Lily Laskine; Royal Philharmonic, Beecham. RCA Victor DM 1292 (3)	A strange perspective—harp, strings are close, flute, woodwinds off in the echo somewhere. A bit disturbing for a chamber-type piece, but doesn't spoil music.	One of Mozart's usual commissioned works, for an impossible combination that he thoroughly disliked. Doesn't show it, of course! Nicely quiet throughout.
FAURE: BALLADE FOR PIANO AND ORCH. (1881). Gaby Casadesus; Lamoureux Orch., Rosenthal. Vox 645 (2)	Piano is round, full, in European style, no percussion. Few high tones, but not important here. Piano dominates the music. Excellent balances, acoustics.	This early Fauré is leisurely, graceful, stylistically perfect. Interesting link betw. Franck and Debussy. Nice piano work; strings bit uneven.

"OMEGATRON"—NUCLEAR STATIC REMOVER

ONE OF the worst problems with all the new plastic records has been the unavoidable static charge and the clinging dust, removable only via a good wetwash. One of those incredible gadgets too good to believe has just come my way and the dust problem is solved—with a wave of the hand (and a hunk of cash). The excitement is the more since this is the first direct product of the atomic age most of us will have run into.

The awesome device is nothing more than an ordinary three-inch paint brush with a piece of what looks like tarnished weather stripping nailed across one side. The stuff is not brass, but radioactive polonium, one of those fabulous elements once worth their weight in radium or the like; the invisible alpha rays that this prosaic bit of metal gives off are harmless (so I'm assured) and non-penetrating, but they ionize a couple of inches of air in front of the brush. A gentle wave across your record and the static is drained away completely, the dust slides off as so much inert powder. The thing is uncanny. Somehow one expects more finite evidence of the celebrated radiation—at least an ominous blueish light or a low humming sound! No such effects, but the job is done to perfection. Static will build up again since this is no permanent removal, but with your paint brush at hand you're all set; a wave or two and it's gone. The "Omegatron" is made by Nuclear Products Company of Los Angeles for about $15. Alpha rays aren't cheap, yet.

A less costly tip for LP users: Columbia is selling a sapphire replacement stylus for the Columbia-Philco LP player, which was originally equipped with a metal point. Not only does the new needle reduce wear considerably, but even better, the tonal range of the cartridge is noticeably increased. Given adequate associated equipment, users of this model (including all Philco combinations) can now get a very respectable quality of reproduction from their LP records.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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★Volume Expander

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(Continued on page 41)

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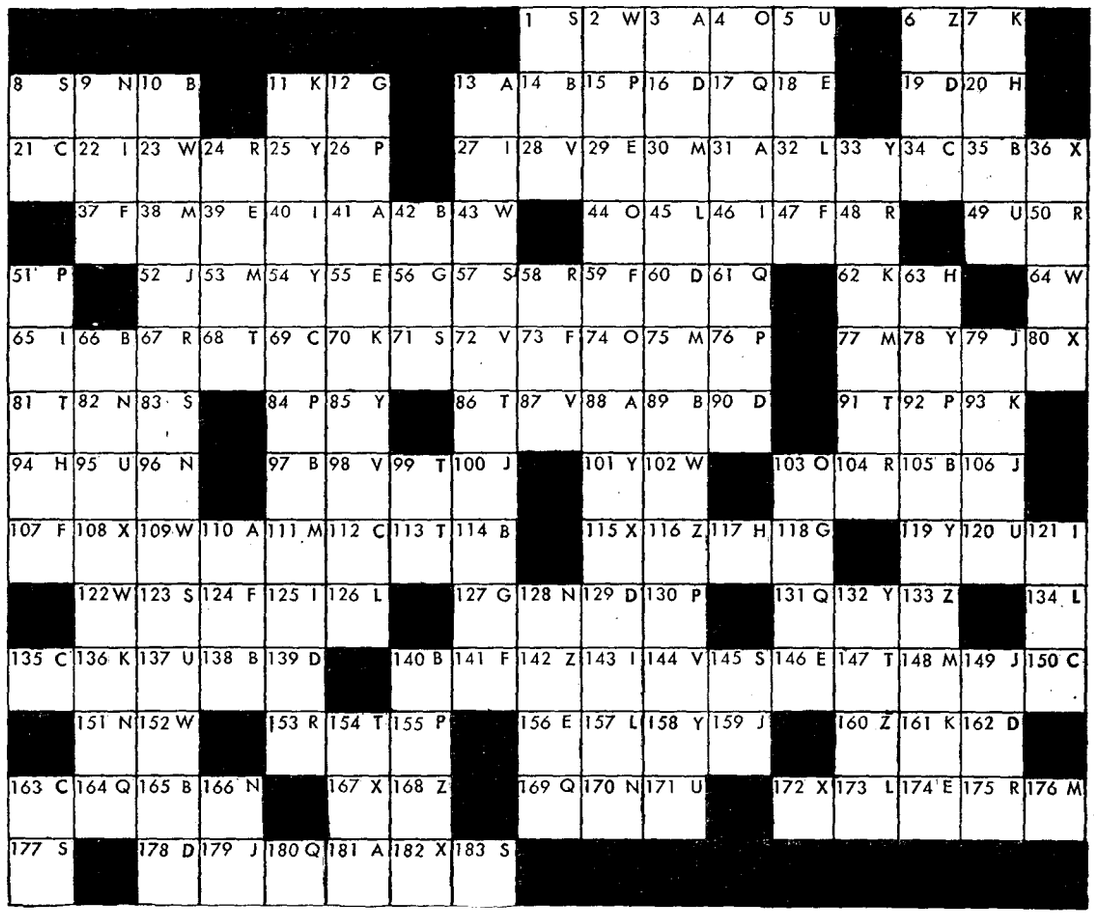
B. American poet and musician (1842-81; full name).	138 14 66 97 35 114 89 42 105 165 10 140
C. Strained relations, as between individuals or groups.	112 163 34 69 21 135 150
D. Governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony, subject of a "Twice-Told Tale" by Hawthorne (old sp.).	90 178 162 16 60 129 19 139
E. The first U. S. state to give full suffrage to women.	29 18 55 174 146 39 156
F. Rises.	47 107 37 141 59 73 124
G. Colonial patriot and physician, founder of first U. S. dispensary, 1786.	56 127 12 118
H. Slip-decorated ware (named for a seventeenth-century English potter).	94 20 63 117
I. Ancient Scandinavians.	121 143 46 40 27 22 125 65
J. English essayist, poet, statesman (1672-1719).	179 159 100 52 106 149 79
K. A small circular painting or sculptured medallion (fine arts; It.).	70 62 161 93 11 136 7
L. That which causes bad luck (colloq.).	134 157 173 126 32 45
M. A nitrogenous product of rendering works, used as a fertilizer.	111 77 53 176 75 148 30 38

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Ninefold.	9 151 82 170 128 166 96
O. Title of the spiritual and temporal head of Islam as successor of Mohammed.	74 44 4 103
P. American landscape and figure painter (1841-1916).	51 92 130 155 15 84 26 76
Q. Under-secretary of State under General Marshall.	17 169 164 61 131 180
R. Hook-shaped.	50 58 175 24 48 104 153 67
S. Furnished with notes, usually critical or explanatory.	123 177 145 8 1 71 57 183 83
T. Reality, German word in title of Goethe's autobiography.	86 91 154 68 113 99 81 147
U. American painter (1849-1921; "Caritas").	49 95 120 5 137 171
V. Fierce warrior son of Alberich ("Ring of the Nibelungs").	87 28 144 98 72
W. Out of the vertical (2 wds.).	2 102 152 23 43 64 109 122
X. Treaty, September 20, 1697, ending War of the Palatinate.	182 108 36 115 167 172 80
Y. A treatise on the drafting of laws.	85 101 119 158 25 33 78 54 132
Z. Spanish dramatist (1469?-1529; made transition from religious to secular drama in Spain).	133 168 142 116 6 160

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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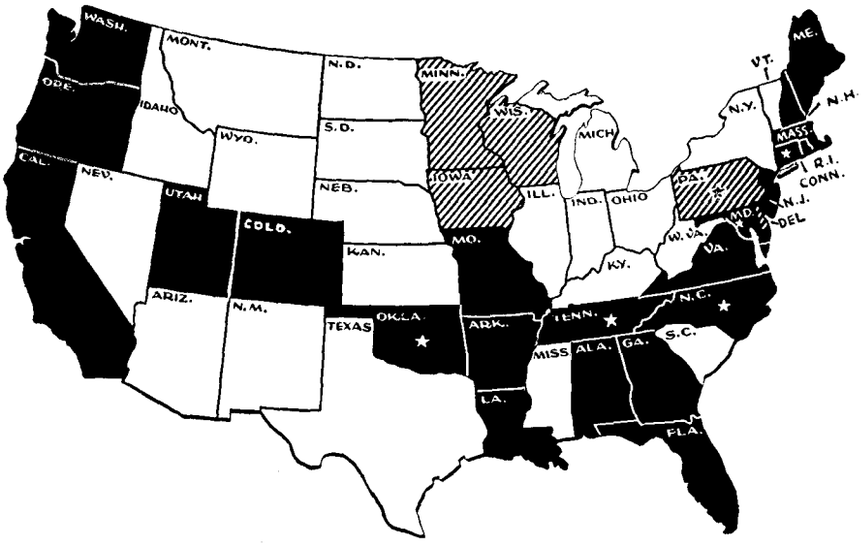
States where legislative action favoring world government has been taken.

States where action was pending when legislature adjourned this spring.

Star indicates legislative action of more than one type.



22 states call for world government!

Where is your state? Where are YOU?

"The world federation idea is the only answer, of course. But it'll never happen in *my* time."

• • •

Sound familiar? But take a look at the map. 22 state legislatures of this Union have already passed resolutions calling for action for world government.

This spring, six states have taken *binding* action. They have demanded a Constitution amending convention enabling the U.S. to join a world government. When two-thirds of the states do that, *such a convention must be held.*

If you remember the story of other amendments to the Constitution, you know that once a map begins to look like this one, Congress soon acts. We're on our way.

And where is your state? Where's New York—supposedly the most world-minded state in the Union? Where's New York—most cosmopolitan city in the world?

And where are *you*—convinced that world federation is necessary—but waiting for "the right time" to give it a real boost?

"HERE!" Good! Swell! You're just in time.

For the right time is June 9 and the place is Madison Square Garden, where *Justice William O. Douglas* (the Supreme Court Justice who looks better in a ten-gallon hat) will lift the lid on world government as a political issue. . .

. . . where leaders of labor and industry, business, church and the entertainment world will gather on the platform to pledge their faith and answer questions . . .

. . . where young *Cord Meyer* will tell the story of the movement . . .

. . . where *Quentin Reynolds* will be masterful master of ceremonies.

Come, listen and learn, see and cheer!

We need you—and this is what you have been needing!

UNITED WORLD FEDERALISTS

National office—7 East 12th Street, New York, N.Y. State branch—22 East 60th Street, New York, N.Y.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

RALLY...

for Freedom from Fear

World Government—NOW!

Thursday—8:15 p.m.

June 9th

Tickets, 60¢ to $5

Seats on sale now

7 E. 12th St., ORegon 3-9000 . . . *or*
22 E. 60th St., MUrray Hill 8-1750 *or*
box office, Madison Square Garden

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Sublimity and strife have dwelt together in the Holy Land from its earliest days. If under a wise king tribes were stilled, there were other nations pressing; and when a powerful king fell, with him went his peace. But while nations and tribes struggled, triumphed and succumbed, prophets thundered against these wars and predicted the coming of a great unifier, a Prince of Peace. Yet before He could come, the legions of Rome appeared and warring peoples were peremptorily put at peace.

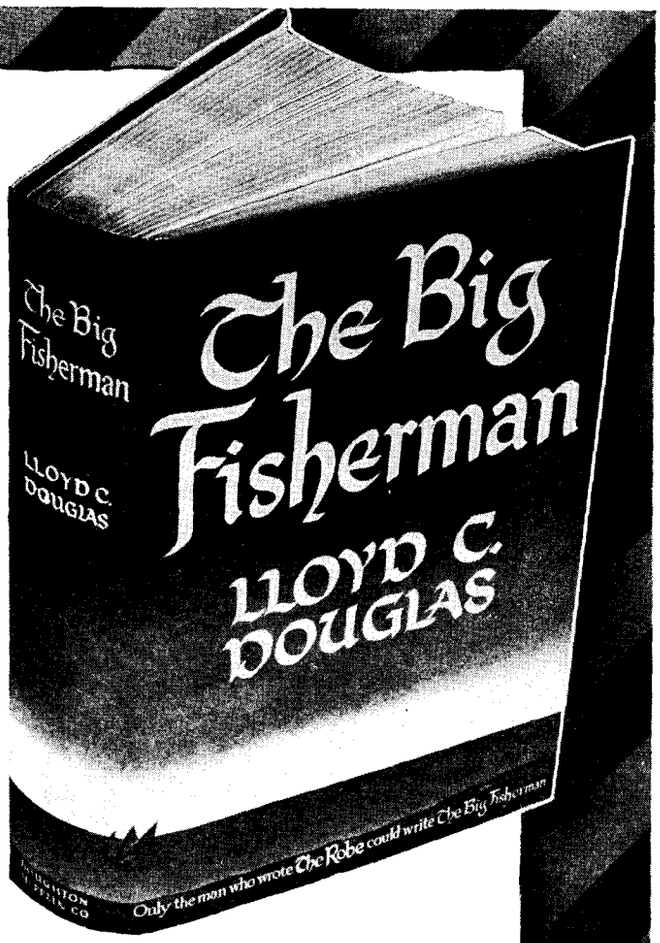
And thus the birth of Jesus was marked by flight and His teaching by revolt, revolt against tribal loyalty and powerful foreign rulers. It took courage then to come out from the multitudes and join this new revolt, and there were few who had this courage. Simon Peter, the big fisherman, knew he had a certain courage. He could face the sudden storms on the Sea of Galilee. With his powerful fists and shoulders he was not afraid of an angry man. But could he face ridicule, ostracism, persecution and possibly death? Even he didn't know and many times he turned back.

Men today, like Peter long ago, are finding that there are calls worth listening to and following, even though the yoke of a conqueror lies heavily on the neck.

The Big Fisherman

by LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

At all bookstores $3.75 Houghton Mifflin Company


The Big Fisherman
LLOYD C. DOUGLAS
The Big Fisherman
LLOYD C. DOUGLAS
Only the man who wrote The Robe could write The Big Fisherman

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